AMERICAN GIRL

November 1951 - 25¢







Nancy Garfield: "I chose Prelude because of its delicate design, and because the dainty flower pattern intrigues me. I'm starting my set now."



Suzanne Powell: "I think Joan of Arc, with its graceful lines and traditional style, will remain in fashion always—it's my favorite pattern!"



Barbara Green: "Queen's Lace will give richness to any setting. I selected it because I love the exquisite ornamentation of this design."



Patricia Gass: "One of the new patterns, Blossom Time, is my choice. The design is definite, but not ornate. It's dreamy silver!"



Lorraine Bryant: "New Brocade is elegant. The tiny flowers remind me of a richly textured fabric. It will be lovely with linens and china."

"Teens" from Syracuse Schools

choose their favorite International Sterling patterns

AT THE VICTORIAN ROOM of the Corinthian Club in Syracuse, five enthusiastic Home Economics majors gather to select their favorite patterns from International Sterling's fifteen beautiful designs.

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by MARJORIE CINTA

On My Honor. Edited by MARJORIE VETTER. Longmans, Green and Company, \$2.75. This is a book for all of you who keep pleading for more fiction in the magazine. For here are twenty stories from THE AMERICAN GIRL, every one of which has been hailed again and again in your letters as "super." They are all good, fast-moving as "super." stories about girls like you who are meeting the same sort of problems you are. Here are girls who love dogs or horses, overcome handicaps, worry about dates, plan for ca-reers, sail, dance, baby-sit, face the problem of high school sororities, make adjustments in family and school relationships. Each story is entertaining and appealing and each has some quality that will set you to thinking. The stories are not about Girl Scouts, but they are dramatic and memorable and together they illustrate the Girl Scout code of ethics-two stories interpreting each of the ten Girl Scout laws. New subscribers will rejoice at the opportunity to read for the first time an especially good account of Pat Downing's Christmas doings; such tales as "Victory," "Just for You," "Thirty Trips to Washington," and "Good Girl-Forward" about which girls are still sending us glowing letters; (you have probably seen some on the letters' page) and stories by such long-time favorite authors as Anne Emery, Ernie Rydberg, Ellsworth Newcomb, Loula Grace Erdman, Lenora Mattingly Weber, and Marjorie Yourd Hill. Those of you who have read and loved these tales in the magazine will be happy to have them together in the more permanent form of a book.

Prima Ballerina. By GLADYS MAL-VERN. Julian Messner, \$2.50. Readers who met Gloria Whitcomb in Miss Malvern's earlier book, "Gloria, Ballet Dancer," and balletomanes in general will welcome "Prima Ballerina." In this story, Gloria is dancing bit parts and understudying the prima ballerina in a company which will tour the country and, if successful, come to the theatrical capital, New York. Gloria works hard and dreams of the day when she, too, will be a prima. But it is one thing to dream, even to be sufficiently talented, trained, and ready for stardom, and another to persuade a hard-headed impresario to entrust the success of his production to an unknown star. Gloria's problems are compli-cated by her love for Doug Gardner, *primo* and maitre de ballet, who travels in lonely grandeur in a drawing room and for various reasons, can pay her little attention. The author was for years associated with the theater so she knows first hand what she is writing about when she describes so well the hopes and fears, the jealousies and kindnesses, the joys and discomforts, the minute details in the daily routine of a dancer THE END in a company on tour.

I Was a Chubby Little High School Girl Now I'm a Popular Teen-age Model



Not so long ago, when I was 15—I was fat, with thick legs and an oversize waistline. Then, when I decided to become a model, I had to practically make myself over!

In changing myself from a girl who just slopped along to a girl who had to look her best at all times—I discovered plenty about good looks, grooming and personality.

Believe you me—those glamour routines really pay off! They did for me, and I guarantee that if you follow them they will make you'll have lots more fun, too. You'll find all the "know-how" in my new book, just published:

Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE GLAMOUR GUIDE

This is not a book for your mother or your grandmother. It is written especially for YOU. It shows how you can be more attractive, have more fun with the crowd you pal around with, get more dates, be at your best at proms and parties, and enjoy the life of a teen. Here you will find all the secrets of smartness and good grooming that Betty Cornell learned when she became a teen-age model. You will see how YOU can develop YOUR beauty and charm by following the suggestions Betty Cornell gives you. For example:

YOUR FIGURE
What to eat to lose weight; to gain weight.

The truth about between-meal nibbling. Advice to Lazy Lils who can't get up in time for

oreanast.

Bringing lunch to school—what to pack, what to leave out.

Warning to girls who BUY lunch, and how to steer clear of danger.

How to keep family dinners from ruining your figure.

How to eat at a party.

YOUR SKIN

What to do about splotchy skin.

How to get rid of pimples, blackheads and hickies.

How to apply cleansing cream.

What to do if you have oily skin, dry skin, or skin
that is part oily, part dry.

YOUR HAIR

How to get sheen and gloss into your hair. How to get rid of dandruff. Brushing your hair the way models do. Shampooling your hair.
How to set your hair.
How to choose your most flattering hair style.
How to be known as a girl with beautiful hair.

YOUR MAKEUP

OUR MAKEUP
The most important thing about makeup.
Little tricks that keep makeup from looking obvious.
How to apply powder base and powder.
What to do about rouge.
Proper way to apply lipstick.
Den't be silly about eye makeup. How to have pretty hands How to apply nail polish

MODELING TRICKS

What makes a model look so straight and tall. How to stand "in one line."

How to walk gracefully, with fluid movement. How to look lovely while dancing. The secret of standing with one foot at a right angle to the other. What to do with your hands when you stand or sit.

YOUR GROOMING

best insurance against being pushed out of the social swim

social swim.
Tips on bathing and use of deodorants.
"How nice you smell."
To shave legs and underarms, or not to shave.
Do teens need a girdle?

Should a teen wear a bra?

Suggestions on stockings, underwear, accessories,

YOUR CLOTHES

How the eye can be fooled.

When to choose clothes with wrap-around lines, slim lines, pleated lines, gored lines, diagonal lines, or lines, picated lines, gored lines, diagonal lines, or radiating lines.

What colors are becoming if you are brunette, blonde, redhead, or in-between.

How clothes should be related with skin color.

Picking clothes to suit your personality.

Clothes that mix and match,

How not to be "out-dated."

How to raise the cash for an extra formal or a frou-frou blouse. frou blouse. How to get a steady income. Baby-sitting. Cash in on cooking Raising money for others. How to handle your allow Modeling—does it pay?

YOUR PERSONALITY

How to keep from folding up when the social whirl slows to a standstill. How to make yourself more attractive to others. How to develop your own personality and "make like an individual." Don't get a "crowd complex." How to put your best self forward and have fun.



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FOR STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE



TRAMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS-PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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ESTHER R. BIEN, Editor and Publisher

MARJORIE VETTER, Fiction Editor T JOAN PORTER, Article Editor P MARY R. IRONS, Features Editor CAROL DANCIS, Fashion Editor PATRICIA DI SERNIA, Assistant Fashion Editor

TILLIE W. GREEN, Production Editor
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NOVEMBER COVER GIRL

Ellie Saunders, our November Cover Girl, has just finished a television commercial on film to be shown nationally, so you may be seeing her in your living room soon. Her choice for a haliday dress is a ballerinalength formal designed for Junior First by Blanche Gardi. Double layers of net over faille form a bell-shaped skirt. The fitted velveteen badice has a low, round neckline and stand-away shoulders that give a cap-sleeved effect. A giant rose is attached under net at hip. Black with beige, pink or blue underskirt. Teen sizes 10-16. About \$20 at the stores listed on page 49. Shoes by Capezio. Optimiste lipstick by Tussy. Corsage from Irene Hayes.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$2.50 for one year, \$4.00 for two years. Foreign and Canadian, \$.60 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money order for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

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VOLUME XXXIV

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER 11



Something new-something merry!

Bonnie Doon

Gay and glamorous, warm and wonderful. . our enchanting collection, of which only a few can be shown here. And in a range of rich colors... with decorative matifs and hand-stitching in harmony.

and hand-stitching in harmony.
GLITTER—All Nylon About \$3.75
The very newest new style! A genuine blande leather moccasin tool
and toe with a hand-molded look.
Superb in a rainbow of calars.
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sole. About \$3.25
SPRAY—All Wool About \$3.25
Hand-embroidered charmers
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Nylon takes on a new interest in
this jacquard pattern.

T V—Très chic black nylon sock
with black suede tole; hand-stitched
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About \$3.75
To fit sock sizes 9 to 11

to fit sock sizes 9 to 11 At fine stores everywher





Bonnie Doon

How'd you like to own:

... this danceable, dateable dress for around \$4.†





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Why don't you get a headstart right now, on clothes for a winterful of fun? Go to your SINGER SEWING CENTER today. Sign up for your teen-age class, for girls 12 through 17. Honestly, you'll be so happy that you did, when you find a lifetime of pretty clothes right

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school dress for less than \$7.50†

. . this smart

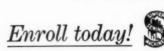


Simplicity Patterns #3362 and #3659.

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For just 8 well-spent dollars, you get 8 marvelous two-hour lessons-the





shrug off lightly. So Penny waited there, wishing Pam would hurry, smoothing down her skirt against the thrust of the soft wind.

A rather tall girl, dark-haired, with gray eyes set in a pixyish face, Penny might have been attractive, had she been laughing instead of frowning anxiously. But there seemed to be a sort of tenseness, a turned-in-upon-herself air, about her that wasn't at all inviting. So the casual glances that touched her flitted by without lingering. And no one spoke to her.

I might be a statue, Penny thought' desolately. I might be something that just grew here, like the ivy climbing up the wall behind me. Come on, Pam.

Come on!

At long last Pam came. The heavy door swung out, and a masculine hand held it firmly while Pam emerged. Penny was so relieved to see her twin, she didn't notice at first that Pam wasn't alone.

"I thought you'd never get here!" she

exclaimed.

"Am I awfully late?" Pam asked apologetically. "I'm sorry-but I actually got

lost. It's a big school."

Looking into Pam's face was like holding a mirror up to Penny's. Except that Pam's mouth was curved in an enchanting smile and there was no frown be-

wouldn't dare to whip Pam's skirt awkwardly above her knees. It merely molded it against her in a very flattering way. And Pam's arms were free and unburdened. Her pink jacket was slung jauntily over her shoulders, and in one hand she carried a single textbook. Belatedly Penny realized that the dark-haired boy who had held the door open and the tall, practically white-haired boy who had emerged right behind Pam were not casual passers-by, but were with her sister.

tween her eyes. The wind

"If you hadn't sighted a couple of familiar faces from math class, you might have wandered around school all night." The dark-haired boy's eyes narrowed a little in laughter behind his shell-rimmed glasses.

"That's right," Pam laughed back at him in her most beguiling way. "Thanks for rescuing me, you two."

"Any time," the platinum-blond boy chuckled. "We're in training to replace those St. Bernards they send around the Alps with brandy kegs hung on 'em."

Penny laughed at that, and the sound of her laughter seemed to remind Pam once more that her sister was there. Pam presented the two boys to Penny. The dark one was Randy Kirkpatrick; the blond, Mike Bradley. Acknowledging the introductions, Penny felt herself caught up in a familiar and hated embarrassment and hoped she wasn't coloring. If only she had half Pam's poise!

"Never would have suspected you

two were related," Mike said, straight-faced.

Randy Kirkpatrick looked from Pam to Penny and back again. "It's like seeing double."

ing double."

"Now where have we heard that before?" Pam tucked her hand through Penny's arm and smiled impartially from one boy to the other.

Randy said, "My heap's parked around back. Glad to give you girls a lift home." "It's not far—" Penny began.

But the slight pressure of Pam's hand on her arm stopped her. And Pam's voice, smooth as cream, poured over hers, saying, "It's just down on Main Street, but

if you don't mind, we'd love a lift."

The four of them descended the long flight of stone steps. Glen High was perched on a hilltop, its steep front campus sloping down to the street. Behind the school, and on a lower level, were the athletic field and a parking space for student and faculty cars. Beyond these a small lake glimmered blue in the bright fall sunshine, surrounded by the well-tended lawns and shrubbery and tall old trees of the town park

old trees of the town park.

"I love the lake," Pam said with her usual bubbling enthusiasm. "Imagine a school with a lake right behind it! And Glenhurst's such a pretty town. After living in Chicago a suburb seems wonderful. And we'll like it even better when we've made some friends. Everyone seems so nice and easy to get acquainted with, I know it won't take long."

"It's a pretty friendly town," Randy

"It's a pretty friendly town," Randy agreed, smiling at Pam, obviously charmed by her warm personality.

MIKE BRADLEY seemed charmed with Pam, too. He looked, Penny reflected, like a Viking, with his fair hair, his blue eyes, his broad-shouldered, rangy height.

He asked, "How long have you lived

out here?"

"Only a few weeks," Pam said, "And you know how it is when you move. We've been so terribly rushed trying to get settled and all—well, we just haven't had a chance to meet anyone, really. Now that school's started, it'll be different, though."

It would be different for Pam at any rate, Penny thought a trifle ruefully. How could twin sisters, who looked so much alike that most people couldn't tell them apart, be so unlike inside? She had pondered the question many times before and found no answer. How could Pam chatter on so animatedly, keeping these boys she scarcely knew interested and amused, instilling in them a desire to get better acquainted? Penny could think of nothing at all to add to the casual, friendly talk eddying about her. Not that the others seemed to notice her silence.

Randy's heap proved to be a lightgreen convertible, practically new. Pam's eyes widened in appreciation.

"He's filthy rich," Mike confided, "and

this is just one of the little baubles his doting family lavishes on him. Now me, I'm the poor-but-honest type. Any car I get, I pay for. So I walk, unless I get offered a ride."

"If you don't shut your big mouth in a hurry," Randy said good-humoredly, "you'll walk right now."

"Sorry," Mike said. "I take every word of it back."

They all clambered into the green car, Penny and Mike in the small back seat, Pam and Randy in front.

"Where to on Main Street?" Randy asked, angling the car adeptly out of the parking space.

When Pam told him, Mike exclaimed, "Say, that's the old Crandall place! Do you live there?"

Pam nodded, smiling at him across her shoulder.

"But isn't it fixed over into some kind of a shop?"

"The downstairs is," Pam informed him. "We live up. And it isn't some kind of a shop, I'll have you know," she added with mock indignation. "It's 'Howard House—Interior Decoration.' We haven't hung our sign out in front yet."

"You mean your father is an interior decorator?" Randy asked interestedly.

Penny's throat felt a little choky, as it always did when anyone spoke of her father, who had died five years ago in an auto accident. And Pam's voice was momentarily grave, explaining. Then she went on, "Mother's the interior decorator. She used to work in a big Chicago shop. But just this summer she happened to stumble on the Crandall place and saw right away what a wonderful setup it would be for a shop of her own. So she bought it, and we've all been working like crazy to fix it up."

"You've certainly done wonders with the outside," Mike said. "The place was an old wreck. And it is so close to the business district, no one would buy it just to live in."

Pam nodded, smiling again. "That's how we could afford it," she confided. "And if you think the outside is improved, you should see the inside. Mother's so clever: she has terrific ideas."

er's so clever; she has terrific ideas."
Randy said, "A shop like that should
do a good business in Glenhurst. There's
nothing at all like it around."

"I know," Pam nodded. "Mother investigated that angle first of all."

The way Pam made Howard House sound established and successful, instead of shaky and barely started, aroused Penny's profound admiration. Pam was so wonderfully assured about everything. And it wasn't that she boasted, or exaggerated, either. She was simply able to put the best face possible on things.

Penny sighed, a very small sigh. She didn't envy her sister—not really. She only wished she could resemble her in other ways than physically. Listening to Pam run on so effortlessly, so interestingly, Penny thought it was no wonder everyone liked (Continued on page 30)



Where is the airl who has not dreamed of success in Hollywood? Karen had reason to dream

glanced down at the small pile of bills on which her mother had been working. The top one was from the family doctor. Karen knew that the bill was small for the time he gave to his patient, her younger sister, Lana, for Dr. Sligh was a family friend as well as a family

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"Was Dr. Sligh here today?" Karen

"Yes, and he said Lana was about the same." Mrs. Savers' hearty cheerfulness had a false ring.

"But she won't get entirely well until we take her to a warmer climate," Karen added, a note of bitterness in her voice. "Isn't it awful, Mom, not to have money?"

"Dr. Sligh would find a place to send her if he thought it best," Mrs. Sayers answered. "He spoke of it again today. But Lana is shy and so wrapped up in her family that he thinks it would do her more harm than good to go away alone. She would be homesick, as she was in the hospital. There's nothing we can do right now, dear, so don't worry.'

Karen put her hand on top of the small pile of bills, as if to spirit them away. "We need money, Mother. I wish I knew some way to earn it."

"Your baby sitting paid last month's gas and electric bill," Mrs. Sayers reminded her proudly.

"That's just a dribble! We need a huge sum!" Karen struck the bills with the flat of her palm. "Enough to take care of these and to get Lana away. A thousand dollars . . . maybe more . . .

"Dream all you like, dear, but the dribbles help, and we can be sure of them. Now run up to Lana."

Karen went to her room, put away her books, and brushed her hair and put on fresh lipstick before she went to Lana. The face of the little girl propped against the pillows was thin and white, but her gray eyes lighted as Karen opened the door and called a gay greeting.

Lana had been cutting pictures from magazines and pasting them into scrapbooks to be sent to the children in the ward where she had spent so many weary months. The rumpled white counterpane on her bed was covered with scraps,

and her hands were sticky with paste.

"What a mess!" Karen said, pretending to scold. She straightened the bed, washed her sister's hands and face, brushed her hair, and put a dab of toilet water on the smoothed pillows, talking all the time about school.

'And I'm to be Dora, not Agnes." she ended, keeping her voice light and amused. But she couldn't fool Lana.

"Oh, Karen, how awful! You worked so hard! I was sure you would be Agnes!" Lana looked as if she were going to cry.

"Well, Miss Turnball knows best. Probably I am the frivolous type. I'm sorry for you, though. Now you'll have to coach me all over again."

"I bet Duncan didn't like it when you didn't get Agnes's part," Lana said. "The last time he was here, you were out, and he came up to see me. We talked about the play, and he said you were just right for Agnes."

"Oh, Duncan thinks he knows everything because he was chosen for David Copperfield," Karen answered lightly. "We'll show him! We'll work twice as hard on Dora and I'll wow them all! Maybe a talent scout from Hollywood will be out front and he'll be so impressed by my acting, he'll want to sign me right up! Then I'll make scads of money and we'll all go to California or some other place where it's warm." Karen was thinking her favorite dream aloud. But the look of rapture on Lana's face brought her up short. She knew how much the realization of such a dream would mean to her little sister, and she didn't want to build up false hopes. "Remember, Lana, things like that only happen in books or in the movies," she added hastily.

"I know," Lana sighed, "but it's such

fun to pretend!"

To keep Lana amused, Karen had asked her sister to help her learn Agnes's part. They had discovered then that Lana had a knack for coaching and directing. That evening after supper they went to work on Dora's part. Lana was a hard taskmistress. She insisted that Karen must be letter-perfect in her part before the first rehearsal with Miss Turnball.

And she was. "I knew you'd make a perfect Dora!" Miss Turnball said, delighted with herself as well as with Karen.

In one scene, Duncan Wylie managed to whisper to Karen, "If Dora was as cute as you are, it's no wonder David fell so hard for her." That evening Karen went home floating on air.

A few weeks later, Miss Turnball called a special meeting of the cast. She looked worried and the cast waited un-

"Until this year the P. T. A. has always paid for the renting of the costumes for the junior play," she began. 'But this year it's impossible. The fund has been used for other and more worthy causes. I am afraid you will have to pay for the renting of your own costumes this time. I'm sorry I didn't know of it earlier. I would have dramatized something that wouldn't have cost so much. Victorian costumes come high. They will cost ten dollars a piece.'

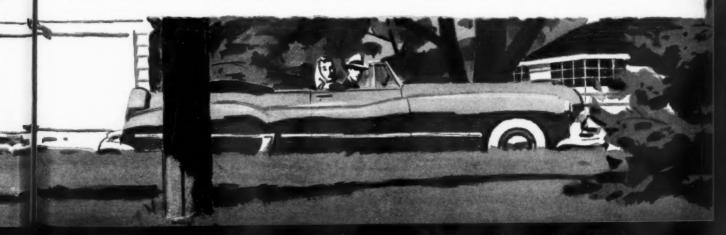
Karen's heart sank. She knew there wouldn't be ten dollars available for her costume. The slim budget she and her mother and Lana had lived on, since Mr. Sayers had died two years ago, was already stretched to the limit. She wasn't going to worry her mother about any unnecessary expenses.

It took a lot of courage for Karen to get up before the cast and tell Miss Turnball that the part of Dora had better be given to someone else, because she couldn't afford to rent a costume; but Karen did it.

Miss Turnball cried. "Nonsense!" You're perfect in the part. Besides, it's too late to train anyone else. You've got initiative! Find something in your attic! Get your mother to help you!"

Karen stayed in the locker room until everyone had gone. It was all very well to be brave when you had to be, but she knew she would bawl like a baby if anyone offered her a word of sympathy.

Duncan was waiting under the elm tree where they always met. Karen had thought he might tire of waiting, she had loitered so long in the locker room. Her heart warmed (Continued on page 44)



The One-Room Inn

The bells of London had a special song for young Dick Whittington

by JOSEPHINA NIGGLI

N THE COACH ROAD from Hereford to London stands a oneroom inn built about 1320. Here the guests—poor merchants, wandering minstrels, soldiers on leave—would stop for the night. Stabling their horses in the small courtyard, they would climb the stairs to the single room where all of them ate and slept together.

In 1362, so the story goes, they could be heard shouting, "Dick! You, boy—fetch me another joint of roast." Or, "Dick, fix me a pallet in yonder corner." None of these mud-caked men from London Town guessed that this young boy, whose name was Dick Whittington, was destined to stand next to the king and be one of the greatest men in England.

According to the legend, this orphan boy, thrilled by travelers' tales of the great city beside the Thames, finally ran away from the one-room inn, taking as his only companion a ragged-eared kitten, child of the inn's fat cat.

In London, where the tall houses touched roofs across the narrow streets, and jugglers, tumblers, and ballad singers performed for the jostling crowds on every corner, he found work as a kitchenboy in the house of Sir Hugh Fitzwarren. The cook, who was lord of the kitchen, was a tremendously fat, thick-browed man with a high temper. When angry he would kick the boy or send him spinning with a blow on the ear; and the cook was often angry, especially in the winter-

Dreaming of riches, Dick ran away to seek his fortune in London Town

time when the cold made his bones ache. But Dick endured the cruelty because he had fallen in love with Sir Hugh's only daughter, Alice. In the light of the rigid class distinctions of 1362, pretty, highborn Alice was as far above a kitchenboy as the evening star is from a field pond. Nevertheless, Dick had dreams in his head, and even the cook's temper couldn't beat them out of him.

Now, Sir Hugh was a mighty merchant who imported rich silks from Arabia, from Persia, and far Cathay in exchange for good English wool. Night after night Dick listened to the servants' gossip about what they had heard in the great hall upstairs of Sir Hugh's wealth and marvelous adventures. The stories fired Dick's imagination, and he decided that if he had stepped up from a slavey in a one-room inn in Herefordshire to kitchenboy in London Town, there was no reason why

he could not step higher yet. These were wild thoughts for a boy in fourteenthcentury England, but Dick Whittington was ambitious. Dreaming was not enough for him; he wanted to make his dreams come true. That, however, was more easily said than done.

He had no money, not one copper cent. In those days, kitchenboys were given a place to sleep, food, a new suit once every five years, and nothing else but blows on the ear, and a snapping stick across their backs when they moved too slowly. Money was for the gentry for people like Sir Hugh Fitzwarren never for Dick Whittington.

Finally the servants told Dick that a new ship was being loaded for the Eastern trade. The cook boasted that he was sending a bale of wool. A single bale, true, but he expected a fine return: perhaps a flagon of perfume which he could resell at a great price.

Dick wished that he had something to

Dick wished that he had something to send, also. He might gain enough profit to bribe the butler to make him an upstairs servant. Then he would be able to see Alice everyday instead of just once a week when she followed her mother into the kitchen to learn housewifery, a part of all girls' education.

But what did he own? Nothing. That night, as he curled up on the cold, stone floor in front of the kitchen fire, trying to figure what he could add to the shipment, his kitten, now a large, sleek cat, came to rest against his side. He thought of Alice's hair as he stroked the cat's black fur, and then the idea struck him. He did own something. He owned the cat!

So Dick Whittington sent his precious cat on board the ship to fetch him home a

Dick had no money, not even a small copper cent, but he did own a cat



fortune from the distant East. In the days that followed, even Sir Hugh thought the tale of Dick Whittington's cat amusing. The servants shrieked with laughter whenever they looked at the stubborn-chinned boy. The cook gave him a proper beating for thinking a cat was as valuable as a bale of wool. But Dick's eyes were fixed on Alice Fitzwarren, and he did not care how much anyone laughed at him or beat him.

Shortly after, Alice went visiting relations in the country. Without her the great house in London seemed very cold and empty to Dick, and life grew more dismal day by day. As winter came on, the cook's bones ached and his temper flared higher. What was worse, Sir Hugh feared that his ship, caught in a storm, was perhaps even now at the bottom of the sea—wool, cat, and all.

The final disappointment for Dick came when the cook said that Alice was to be married to an elegant gentleman of the King's court. Now, nothing was left of Dick Whittington's fine dreams. The memories of the one-room inn near Here-

"Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

The boy jumped to his feet, his blue eyes wide with terror, as the words pounded in his brain. He had not eaten since yesterday, so he knew that hunger could cause strange fancies to whirl in his head. He began to run wildly through the streets hoping to escape the delusion. He stumbled and fell. The bells maliciously repeated:

"Lord Mayor of London."

Dick pressed his palms against his ears, refusing to listen. How could a kitchenboy become the most important man in London? For that matter, after the king, the most important man in England? And even (Continued on. page 48)



Above: Everyone laughed at the idea of sending a cat across the seas to bring back a fortune, but Dick had high hopes

Left: Holding Dick's cat firmly in his arms, the sailor ran swiftly through the city streets to the palace of the king

Below: A man of wealth far beyond his fondest dreams, Dick was at last in a position to marry his beautiful Alice



Drawings by Robert Lawson from his book "Dick Whittington and His Cat," by special permission of The Limited Editions Club

ford seemed to call to him: "Remember the green fields and the placid streams. Work was hard here, but people were kind. Here there is no monster-cook to rain blows on your head."

At last Dick could stand it no longer. Early one morning, before London itself was astir, he slipped out of the gray house and, with the rags on his back still his only fortune, trudged wearily through the narrow streets. A few market wagons passed him, housewives flung open windows, the first mists of morning broke over the pointed housetops, and far away the church bells began to chime. As church bell after church bell took up the pealing, the sounds grew louder. At last the great Bow Bells added their deepthroated voices. The melancholy music made Dick feel even more tired and despondent. Thinking miserably of Alice Fitzwarren, Dick sat down and buried his face in his hands. Suddenly he lifted his head. The Bow Bells were ringing and they seemed to say:



Our November "Prize Purchase"
is fashioned for festivities!
Sue Carson uses gleaming white
faille, studded with rhinestones, to trim this exciting, fullskirted dress of Juilliard's
Princeen velveteen.

Fitted bodice has spaced rhinestone buttons down the front. Subteen sizes 8-14, it's just under \$15 at the stores on page 49





GLOVES BY WEAR RIGHT

HAT BY CAPULETS

BAG BY YOUTHMODE

PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH W. BAXTER

CIRTS





Perms's penuine scatter book end-(\$3.95), bucket with three glass ast trays (\$2.95). "Time Guard" memopud of simulated leather with timer for long-distance cells, \$4.95, Famous Burr St. Long. Davien, Co. Mismannelis



CHELLINAC THE CANCE

Africancityle copput necklass with a reject star design, \$3.50°, matching carriaga, \$2°, Karu. 41 Fifth Ave., New York City. Brownie's tur tle-neck awarter of fine combed cut ton joiner hand as Tener.





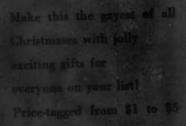


and the street of the street

Velvet carryin by Dorset-Rex contains a compact, comb, lipstick case, \$3°. Dawnelle's long cotton glaves with beaded design, \$5. Kard's rhimstone choker, bracelet, and pin. \$2° cach. Titche Goettinger, Dallas

L. That a Control of the Control of

Goagiell's new Sport of Kings shave soap and tale in a horseshoe ash tray and a cleared shalder boot, \$1.50° each, Fielder's guest set of six fingertip towels, \$2.50. Order all three



CINTED AT PAPA

Geginne-leather and kit contains a whisk broom, bottle pener, cerew driver, key ring, and polishing clath 33.95 at Page & Hiddle, Haverford, Pa Pipe-cleaner kit, also in leather case \$1. Miles Kimball, Ochkost, Wisc



MATASHIONED GLAMOUR

Searf of delicate imported Chamilly lace by Glenter, \$2; Einco's antique pin and carrings set with pearl conters, \$2"; B. Allman, New York Cloisenette snameled compact to Darge Tag. 113. Consider No. Y.

Grown-UP Gallery

Continued on the following pain

Youthmode's "Rudolph" bag of red or green plastic and record, \$2; Macy's, New York. Bell-pommed wool beret; red, green, brown, gray, \$2. Betty Ann, 25 West 36 St., New York. Musical lollipop tree, \$1.25. Page & Biddle, Haverford, Pa.

For Mom—Yardley's English lavender soap, tale, and fragrance, \$2.50°. For Pop—after-shave lotion and invisible tale, \$2.35°. For both—an automatic dispenser of hand cream, \$1.25°. Order from Bloomingdale's, New York City

The Jiffy Firehouse will keep the youngsters amused for many hours. Made of plasticized fabric with a gabled roof and support, it fits over any standard bridge table. A good value at \$2.45. Order from Page & Biddle, Haverford, Pa.

Helene Pessl outsmarts the hateto-wash set by packaging bubble bath in a tiny toy cottage, shampoo in an airplane, and three soai soldiers in a rugged-looking jeep. Just \$1° each at Rich's, Atlanta and J. L. Hudson's, Detroit.

Pick-er Stick-er Kit contains plastic cutouts and sticker board for making designs without scissors or glue, \$1.50. Colorful plastic blocks snap together to make various objects, \$1.98. Jordan Marsh, Boston; The May Co., Cleveland

Houbigant's star-dusted plastic package of toilet water and dusting powder, \$3.75*. Perfume tree dangle edged with delicate lace, \$1.95*. Pyramid bottle of liquid skin sachet, \$1.85*. All available at Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago

Marxman's aluminum Skyro-plane flies up to 3,000 feet, \$2.98. Space Cadet, a two-way walkie-talkie, \$2.98. Both at Bloomingdale's, New York. "Who," Parker Bros.' new game of hidden identity, \$1.50. John Wanamaker's, Philadelphia

Helena Rubinstein's Chapeau Duo holds tale and pill box of solid perfume, \$2*. Lady Slipper of Apple Blossom perfume, \$1.75*. Well of White Magnolia bath powder and cologne, \$2.75*. Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia



HOLIDAY NOISEMAKERS



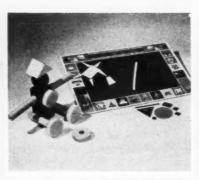
FOR HIM-FOR HER



FOR A RAINY DAY



IT'S A TOY, TOO!



FOR PEACE AND QUIET



THEY'RE ALL CHANTILLY



SCIENCE AND MYSTERY



GAY, FRAGRANT PACKAGES



Beauty



FOR EXOTIC TASTES

R



A BLACK AND WHITE STORY



PRETTY AND PRACTICAL



STRIKE A FASHION NOTE



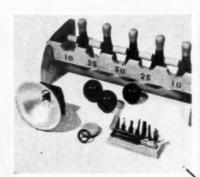
THE WELL-DRESSED TABLE



FOR FAVORITE BEAUX



A STUDY IN BRASS



HOBBY CORNER

Holiday Hospitality

Oriental serving fork and spoon of carved wood, \$2.95. Joanne Bent, 225 5th Ave., New York City. Pepper mill and salt shaker from Italy, \$3.95. Jug of Wine cookbook, \$3.50. Johnny Appleseed, 54 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass.

Velvet flowerpot bag, \$3° at Pyramid Bags, 34 West 33 St., New York City. Baar & Beards velvet rope tie with bunny-fur poms, \$1 at Bamberger's, Newark. Real cutured pearl pins. \$1°. From Eince 366 Fifth Ave., New York City

Woven-reed sewing basket has a tufted lining, \$2.98. Box of assorted threads and scissors, \$1.49. Singer Sewing Centers everywhere. Name-stamp pad, permanent marking fluid, and tape, \$1.95. Identi-Kit, 1739 Townsend St., Cincinnati

Rayon-plaid stole belt with redleather trim, sizes 24-30. \$4°. Charm Belts, 10 East 33 St., New York City. Berchman's antique coin bracelet and necklace, \$1° each. B. Altman's, New York. Catalina's all-wool pullover, \$5

Eight bamboo place mats plus a long table runner (yellow, turquoise, natural, green) \$4.25, Janet Forester, Bloomington, III. Plastic lazy Susan (17-inch) has eight removable trays, \$3.98. Hutson Trading, 161 East Erie St., Chicago

New and different! Pigskin watch band with zip-lock closing, \$2.50 at Crane's, 419 E. 57th St., New York City. Genuine-leather Wales wallet (red, green, black, or brown) has a removable pass case, \$3.50. Write to The Fair, Chicago

Set of 4 nested ash-tray-coasters of hammered brass or copper, \$1.10. Brass bell is a plastic-lined cigarette holder or jam jar, \$2.25. Embossed brass pitcher (6-inch), an English import, \$2.75. Art Colony, 69 Fifth Ave., New York City

Tumbling Ten Pins, game with scoring bar, \$3.25; Xacto woodcarving kit, \$3.60; Reiss Bros., 54 East 59th St., New York City. Kodak's Foto-Flasher kit includes thash bulbs, \$2.25. Close-up attachment, \$1.85. G. Fox, Hartford





Steve Renfree

Down in the little southern town where I live there is a legend. His name was Steve Renfroe and he was tall and blond and lean and there were little sparkling devils in his blue eyes. He rode a snow-white horse down the streets of my town and no one got in his way because he wore a long handled pistol under his coat. He came to my town fresh from the wars and the snow-white horse smelled the smoke of battles.

There was a pretty girl named Cherry in my town and she fell in love with the handsome stranger. They got married and some folks wondered. The stranger didn't look like a good husband, with those devils in his eyes

and the pistol under his coat.

The carpetbaggers had come to my town and they had taken over the courthouse and the county government even as they had taken over the government of my state. One day they came to a lady on the outskirts of town who lived in a big house. The lady had three childred and her husband had died on the battlefield. They told the lady she must get out of the house and the lady had to get out. She couldn't pay the tax money the carpetbaggers asked. Nobody in my town had much money right after the war.

Steve Renfroe heard about the lady and he said, "Nobody can treat a lady like that." And the next night the carpetbaggers left town.

Steve Renfroe went to the people in my town and said, "The carpetbaggers aren't treating you right." And the people in my town allowed he was right. "Then let's do something about it," said Steve Renfroe.

Nobody knows all they did but soon the carpetbaggers had gone and the people praised the tall man on the white horse and Steve Renfroe was elected sheriff of my town.

He was a good sheriff for awhile and then the snow-white horse and the little devils got restless for adventure and the open road. But Steve Renfroe was a married man and he said, "Just a little excitement won't hurt."

And then some money disappeared, and a horse, and some more money. And it wasn't hard for the people in my town to find out. And they said, "We are sorry to arrest you Steve, after all you did for us."

And the little blue, sparkling devils said, "They can't hold you Steve, not Steve Renfroe." And they didn't.

Pretty soon Steve Renfroe was hiding in the dense flatwoods and the negroes cut a road to safety across the state line for him. The posses they sent after him could never catch him by that flatwoods road.

Steve Renfroe was soon a bandit with a price on his head.

But after the big horse died Steve's luck, or part of it, died with him. They caught him and brought him back to jail. As he stayed in Here is your own department in the magazine. Watch for the announcements each month and send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, and drawings

jail that evening the little devils whispered, "This jail can't hold you, Steve. By morning you'll be out." And Steve knew he would. But that night about eight o'clock a group of men on horseback came to the jail and took Steve Renfroe out. They put him on a horse and tied his hands behind him. They couldn't risk his getting away again. And the people of my town took Steve Renfroe down on the dark banks of the Sucarnoochee River and hung him on a chinaberry tree and there he swung against the stars.

Even today if you go down to the chinaberry tree and stand before it when the moon is full and ask, "Renfroe, Renfroe, what did you do?" That chinaberry tree'll say—nothing. KATHERINE TURK (age 14) Livingston, Alabama

A Boy and a Dog First Nonfiction Award

One evening, as I sat down to dinner alone because I was late, the doorbell rang with a familiar touch and knowing it was my brother I didn't answer it. As it was persistent I managed at last to get up and stumble to the door. As I opened it and was ready to explode into a long, sharp speech the picture I saw choked back the words, and I stood there speechless. After a while my brother said, "Well, what do you think of him?"

I, wordlessly, reached out my arms, and my brother, carefully, for once, placed the cuddliest little mongrel into them. It had a little flat nose and limpid eyes. It's short hair was silky and black except for speckled chest and paws. As we walked back to the kitchen, I could feel my brother's smile warm me and I was finally able to ask, "Where did you get him? Whose is he?"

After a minute of consideration my brother said, "Ours," yet I knew with all his heart he wanted to say, "Mine."

"Grandma bought him at the Smith fair," he continued, "so we named him 'Smitty.' Just think, we have a dog."

"Are you sure?" I asked, knowing the way

our family suffered from the loss of the last dog.

"Oh! yes, ask Mommy," he said. At that minute the puppy whimpered and my brother took it from me, cradled it in his arms and with a soft reassuring touch ran his finger down the little nose. The puppy looked at him and licked his fingers. I held my breath for fear my brother would give a boisterous laugh as he usually does, but instead he gave me a quiet smile and gently hugged the puppy. It nestled closer and seemed to realize that every bit of my brother's heart was for him. As I sat there watching, a glow seemed to surround them, just a boy and a dog. CAROL ROGERS (age 13) Belmont, Massachusetts

The Circle

They have drawn a circle here, I have watched them do it; Now they are on the inside And I am on the out.

It is just a man-made line; I could step across it— I could stamp my foot right down And quickly blot it out.

I could rub the circle out; I could stand beside them— But they would still be inside And I would still be out. MARILYN GRIFFITH

(age 17) South Carver, Massachusetts

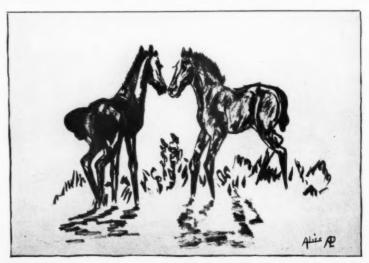
HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Elissa Van Rosen (age 14) New York, N.Y. Mardith Jacobson (age 14) Erie, Penna. POETRY: Shirlianne Hilker (age 16) San Mateo, Calif.

Patricia Patrick (age 13) Linden, N.J.
FICTION: Barbara Scott (age 15) Walhending,
Ohio

Bobbie Stone (age 16) San Diego, Calif. NONFICTON: Sharon Stark (age 11) Waukegan,

Cynthia A. Lawson (age 13) New Britain, Conn.



First Art Award

Alice Louise Peck (age 12) Arlington, Virginia

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The Wise Little Turkey

Poetry Award

There was a little turkey,
And all he did was gobble.
He ate until he hardly
Could wobble,
washble.

vobble,

He ate the farmer's barley, He ate the farmer's corn, He grew quite roly-poly Before Thanksgiving morn,

There was a little turkey, Who gobbled, gobbled, gobbled. He was so roly-poly He wobbled.

wobbled,

He grew so plump and beautiful, Before Thanksgiving Day, He thought it would be safer For him to run away. NANCY LEF GARNER

(age 11) Henderson, Colorado



Art Award

Susan Aho (age 12) Ely, Minnesota

Jeff's Decision

Fiction Award

Jeff was sitting on the fence watching his herd of horses, and, as always, the memory of that great horse, Red Star, came to his mind and with it a pang of grief.

He remembered the day he had first seen Red Star standing on a hill, the sun making his coat look like burnished copper, and how he had seen the horse fall, knees first to the ground, a wild snort of pain gasping out. He had run to the horse expecting any moment for him to rise and gallop off, but he didn't. He looked and saw that the bullet had just hit below the neck, and had stunned him for a few moments. He hadn't seen anyone and thought it must have been a stray bullet, for this time of year was the hunting season.

The horse looked around with wild rolling eyes, still unable to get up. Then Jeff started to talk to him in quiet, calm tones. The horse grew quieter but at the least sound or noise would snort with fear and alarm. Jeff put a lasso around the horse's neck. Red Star started away but was still too weak to make much effort.

Jeff brought him home and put him in the



Art Award

Patricia Ann Hughes (age 14) El Dorado, Kansas

corral. Day by day the horse grew to trust Jeff, but still there was a longing in his eyes for the wild freedom he had known so long. Jeff noticed this too, but his stubborn way wouldn't believe the truth. "He wants to stay with me," Jeff kept saying to himself. But deep down in his heart he knew it wasn't true. Jeff thought about this every night and every

day noticed the horse growing more and more

Jeff loved this horse very much and couldn't bear to part with him. What should he do? He had asked himself this dozens of times. The next afternoon Jeff knew what he must do. He went out to the corral and looked at the horse, and as he did he felt a surge of pity run through him. The great horse was a picture of dejected sorrow. Jeff slowly opened the corral gate and led the horse out. Then he gave him a final pat and opened the gate to the plains. The horse just stood and looked, then with a snort of joy he threw himself out to the plains he knew and loved so well. Gone was the air of dejection, and in it's place a wild ecstasy of joy. Jeff's eyes blurred as he watched the horse run out of sight. A shrill neigh brought Jeff back from his daydreaming. As Jeff got off the fence and walked away, he still wondered in his heart if he had done the right thing for the horse he knew and loved so well.

MARY LOU SCHUMACHER

R (age 13) Westfield, New Jersey

New Horizons

Care for a ticket to Hongkong, Paris, London or a round trip all at once? Ever want to use that same ticket to go to Renaissance Italy or Medieval France? Ever care to meet famous people of any time and be friends with them? It's very easy. For the ticket use your library card and go wandering everywhere and anywhere in space or time that you please using books as your means of transportation.

Many people just read books of one kind such as romance or mystery, etc. I don't object to that, but if you read a little of everything it just might teach you something new and different. If you're stuck for ideas for parties your library card "ticket" will help, then, too.

For ideas for presents use your "ticket" again. Certainly books are the doors that open to new ideas and many new horizons!

LOIS BISHOP (age 15) Minneapolis, Minnesota

to trust The City

The City
First Poetry Award

Buildings rise like towering heights of mountains,

And people throng below; each on a different mission.

Store windows display varied merchandise, and works of art are protected by labeled windows.

A policeman on duty signals to the solid moving mass of metal;

High above, wires are sending other signals down the street or across the Hemisphere.

A train passes overhead drowning out the perpetual uproar of citizens.

Airplanes fly above escaping the turmoil of busy feet.

Factories blast their last whistle; employees flood the gates to Freedom— Weary of the day's labor.

Ships, like those who love to travel, halt only for a few short hours, And then are gone—tired of the crowded port.

On quaint, small streets vendors display their wares in primitive carts, People of one tongue speak to a brother, yet they know not the tongue of a nearest neighbor.

Underground, man-made reptiles transport inhabitants to each one's destination. While above, the teeming millions press against the other.

One, who sees the day surrender to the night, watches an individual pass hurriedly before him on the avenue Bound for a business engagement in another part of town.

The bystander, whose work for the day is accomplished, feels compassion for the one

Who still has work to do.

MEREDITH BUSBY (age 14) Portsmouth, Virginia

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 37 FOR DETAILS ABOUT "BY YOU"

COLOR SCHEMING

by MARGARET BELL Drawing by Clare McCanna

Here's color . . . help or hindrance . . . blessing or blight . . . friend or foe . . . it's all in how you fit it to your special type

as sweet, but would it look as pretty if it were gray? Imagine a world where the sky is white, the grass black, and sunshine the color of shadows! Happily, our world is chock-full of color, and Nature has a knack of bestowing hues to such perfection that it all adds up to a pretty impressive color scheme. On a smaller, subtler scale, Nature has endowed you with your own individual color scheme, too.

What you do to flatter or flatten your natural coloring is strictly a project marked "personal." Depending on what tints and shades you choose for clothes, accessories, and make-up, you can either enhance or hamper your appearance.

Point one in planning the color scheme that does the most for you is to understand exactly what type you are. You know the color of your eyes and hair, but do you really have a proper picture of your skin? Actually skin has both red and yellow tones in varying amounts which create such complexion categories as fair, ivory, rosy, creamy, olive, and so on. So first give your complexion a quick coverage to decide in which of the two general classes you fit.

Yellow-toned: May vary from a pale ivory to a deep tan and often has a faint greenish cast. To test: drape a piece of bright yellow fabric close to your face. Does it make your skin seem more yellow? If so, your complexion has more yellow in it than red.

Red-toned: May vary from peachesand-cream to ruddy; and when very pale it may have a faint bluish cast. To test: drape a piece of blue-green fabric near your face. If it makes your skin seem pinker, you have a red-toned complexion.

Now, keep your complexion key in

mind and check through these tips on color types until you find your own color class. Then work on your wardrobe, according to the cues given here.

Words for Warm Brunettes: Your complexion is yellow-toned (remember it may be pale or tan) and your hair and eyes are brown. Your most becoming colors are warm tones such as rich reds, browns, emerald green, gold, and beige. Shun pale shades of pink, blue-violet, and yellow, for pastels are poor for you. "Vivid" is your watchword, so live up to it.

If your hair is dark brown or black and your complexion olive, you are a lassie of the Latin type. Warm browns, deep reds, wine, and maroon bring out the best in you beautywise. Warm beige and gray accent your hair and eyes and grayed-green or soft grayed-blue are musts. Steer clear of bright royal blue, purple, or emerald green if you want to save yourself from that "sallow" look.

To much yellow in your skin can be cleverly camouflaged with a light dusting of rose-tinted powder. Lipstick should be warm red, ranging from coral if your skin is pale, to true clear red if it is olive.

Fromettes Are Classified as Cool, too: Your skin is fair (red-toned). A light foundation or powder in a true rachel color emphasizes the delicate tones of your complexion. Choose lipstick in the blue-red family, from pink to deepest rose. Your hair is dark brown or black; your eyes are blue, gray, or hazel. Your combination of dark hair and fair skin is a winning one and your color choice is wide. For daytime do allow yourself the luxury of wearing brilliant shades. Dramatize yourself for after-dark affairs by favoring pale tints and white.

Wenderful for Warm Blendes are all the deep grays, navy, and black which will set off your shining hair. Whether your hair is bright gold, ash, or light auburn and your eyes blue, green, or gray, you are a warm blond if your skin is fair (neither red nor yellow tone predominant). Muted tones are musts for you in green, blue, and violet shades, and off-whites will make your hair seem more golden. Special note: You are one of the few who can wear the difficult shade—yellow-green!

Catchiest color for your lipstick will be a slightly blue-tinged rosy hue or the ever-reliable true red. Powder is best in beguiling beige tints, but take care—the tone should be more pink than yellow.

(Continued on page 32)





It was a wet, rainy night and I had put on my new raincoat

Peach-Glow bath powder. Splash Perfume of the Year's Sensation all over (I borrowed some from my older sister, only she doesn't know it yet), and finish by applying some of Diane's Satin-Smooth Lotion. Don't stint on this because, besides making your skin feel smooth and satiny and being ever so uplifting for your morale, it makes this magic blend irresistibly attractive.

He could not have been able to resist it, because his first reaction when I ran into him by the car was to walk around me, murmuring decidedly wolfish sounds. All I could tell about his looks was that he had a broad forehead and dark, almost shaggy hair that scemed to cry out for a barber. He seemed to be the Latin type—warm, impulsive.

I attempted decorously to ignore him entirely because, after all, he was a stranger. I had never laid eyes on him before nor he on me. Trying to be nonchalant, I opened the door of the car to get in, but quick as a flash he pushed ahead and sat down in the other seat without the slightest invitation or encouragement from me.

The very nerve of him, I thought. "Get out," I ordered imperiously.

He paid no more attention to that than if I had been talking to myself. Then I changed tactics. In a pleading, feminine tone I begged, "Please get out."

That evidently touched him because he jumped out quickly and was once more by my side, looking at me with such adoration in his handsome brown eyes that my heart began to melt within me. But I steeled myself to turn from him. Yet every time I made a move



HEN SOMEONE falls madly and desperately in love with you at first sight, and you're as ancient and decrepit as I am (seventeen on my last birthday!), it's worth a front-page headline.

It was a wet, rainy night, so I had put on my new, gold-colored raincoat and adjusted the hood to show only my bangs. I opened up my new umbrella with the scalloped edges that matched the raincoat and tripped as daintily as possible over and around the puddles to the car parked at the curb.

I was looking my rainy-weather best, but in the dark I don't think he really could distinguish features, the fine points of my outfit, or anything else too well.

So maybe it wasn't my looks that attracted him so much as it was the exotic, bewitching perfume I was wearing. It's

Magic Spell

my own special formula and I don't usually give it out to strangers, but, if you'll promise to keep it a secret, I'll reveal it just this once because maybe it will explain my headlong conquest.

First, you take a bath using Pierre's Soap d'Allure. This by itself smells heavenly, but it's only the first step. Then you dust yourself from top to bottom with toward the door of the car he was ahead of me, and it soon became evident he was not going to let me leave without him.

This was utterly utterly ridiculous. I glanced about wildly for some means of escape. Then I saw my brother coming out on the front porch and I yelled to him frantically (Continued on page 35)

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"BE PREPARED"

A Part to Play: Home Nurse

by BEULAH FRANCE, R.N.
Drawings by Irv Koons

EVEL-HEADED, cheerful, considerate, efficient—a good home nurse is all these things. When sudden sickness strikes, or an emergency arises, she is ready to do her duty calmly and with common sense. Sooner or later the day may come when you will be called upon to do a home-nursing stint. But preparing to play your part to perfection is something you can start on today.

Your main job as a home nurse is to keep your patient happy and speed her complete recovery. Surroundings count a lot, so let's start with the sickroom itself. You will want to make it as comfortable and as attractive as you can. Look it over carefully and check these details:

Is there plenty of fresh air in the room? Is your patient protected from drafts? Does the sunlight strike her eyes? Flapping windowshades, squeaking doors, rattling windows can be most annoying. Your patient will especially appreciate a clean, orderly room.

The picture you, yourself, present is a key point to consider. Neatly combed hair, short, absolutely clean fingernails, and crisp, freshly laundered clothes should be your daily aim. Your heels don't "tap, tap" on the floor, do they? Be sure your breath is sweet. Strike onions, garlic, and strongly spiced foods from your menu during your nursing days. Eliminate heavily scented perfumes and powders, too.

Check up on your chatter. If you find yourself sounding like a long-playing record, try doing the listening instead. If your patient doesn't care for conversation, then keep quiet and don't "flutter" over her. Whispering behind her back will not contribute toward her confidence in you. On the other hand, loud talking and side-splitting laughter may make her frankly weary of words, so a happy medium is the balance you should strike.



Nursing Aids

There are many little tasks you can take upon yourself to do to prove you are thoughtful as well as efficient. A refreshing glass of clear, cool water within easy reach on the bedside table will be welcomed by your charge. Keep a stack of paper-protected straws or a glass one handy to make drinking easier. Change the water often, and always keep it covered.

You can make mealtime one of the happiest hours of the day. If your patient is lying flat, she will want to sit up in

> order to eat in comfort, so a back rest is called for. You can use a pastry washboard, board, folded card table, or the cushions from an overstuffed couch or chair. Wrap whatever you have chosen snugly in a sheet. Place it upright on the bed at a slant with its lower edge resting on the mattress, and its top touching the headboard. If necessary, tie it to the headboard to prevent slipping.

Place two pillows against your improvised back rest. Have their lower edges wide apart and have their tops meet or overlap a bit. This leaves a triangular space at the mattress for the patient to fit into when she sits up. As a headrest, put a third pillow lengthwise across the top of the two slanting ones. To keep your patient from sliding down in bed, put a doubled-over pillow beneath her bent knees, or let her stretch her legs out with her feet pressing against a cardboard carton between the sheets at the foot of the bed.

When you are sure she is comfortable, and you are about to serve her food, bring in her favorite soap and a washbasin of warm water, spread a towel over the top sheet to catch any spilled water, and then let your patient freshen up for her meal. Remove all the equipment before you bring in the food, and be sure to wash your own hands, too.

A beautifully arranged tray will help to tempt your patient's appetite, so here is your chance to be really creative. Choose gay paper napkins, add a flower or two in harmonizing colors if you can, use the best china and glassware, and have the silver gleaming. Vary the china and color schemes for each meal.

Give only the diet which the doctor has approved. Serve small portions, and make certain that hot foods are really hot and cold foods really cold. Help your patient to eat if necessary, but don't insist that everything be eaten. Let her clean her teeth and wash up after the meal.

Now is a good time for your patient to have a nap. Take out the back rest, fluff up the pillows, smooth the bottom sheet, and let her stretch out flat. A "draw" sheet, placed over the bottom sheet, gives so much added comfort to the bedridden. It is called a "draw" sheet because the nurse draws it from one side of the mattress to the other when a cool spot to lie on is desired. Here is how to make one:

Fold a regular sheet lengthwise from hem to hem down through its center. While the patient is sitting up in a chair, throw this folded sheet across the upper middle of the mattress. Leave a short end on one side and a long end on the other. Tuck the long end way under on one side, and tuck the short end in tightly on the other, pulling the sheet very smooth.

Now, when your patient perspires, loosen both ends of the "draw" sheet. Ask your patient to raise the middle part



Keep your patient amused

of her body while you pull the sheet through to a cool spot. Tuck both sides beneath the mattress again, pulling the second side with all your strength so it will be perfectly taut. Cool and comfortable once more, your patient can relax for an after-dinner nap. You will have a chance to rest, too.

The doctor will probably want you to perform a number of tasks for him according to his directions, such as taking temperatures, pulse, and so forth. It is important to know how to do them and how to care for the equipment you will

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In taking a temperature, remember that little children can't hold the glass thermometer in their mouths so, if your patient is not yet five years old, the doctor will use a rectal thermometer when he comes, or will teach you how to use one. But here is how to take the temperature by mouth: First, look carefully at the slender tube and note how it is divided by numbered red and blue lines. At what figure has the bright streak of mercury stopped? Those figures mean degrees Fahrenheit. The first short line above a number is read "two tenths." The second short line is "four tenths"; the third, "six tenths"; the fourth, "eight tenths." The fifth, being "ten tenths"

The normal mouth temperature is ninety-eight and six tenths degrees. Be-

makes another whole degree.



Fresh linen

fore you try to take the temperature, the mercury must be shaken down to below this point. Since a thermometer is so fragile, avoid breakage by following this method for "shaking it down": Stand in the middle of the room where

Stand in the middle of the room where you won't be apt to hit anything. Hold the top of the thermometer firmly between your first two fingers and your thumb. Let your wrist hang loosely. Shake the tube with several short, sharp jerks. Repeat this process until the mercury has fallen far enough.

Now wash the thermometer in cold water and dry it on a piece of sterile gauze. Make it clear to your patient that she is to hold the tube between her closed lips until you take it out; warn her not to put any pressure on it with her teeth. As she opens her mouth, gently place the thermometer beneath her tongue and a bit to one side. After three minutes have passed remove it, wipe it carefully with a piece of gauze, throw the gauze into a paper bag immediately, and close the bag tightly.

Still holding the thermometer's top, go to the window where there is plenty of light and take

of light and take your reading. Write down the figure and fraction for the doctor's information and check again to insure accuracy.

Sterilize the thermometer this way immediately after use. Wash the glass tube in cold water using sterile gauze or cotton and plenty of soap. Swirl the tube in your fingers as you rub it from top to tip. Put the gauze or cotton into a paper bag, take a fresh piece of gauze or cotton and repeat the process twice more. Put the thermometer in its case tip first.

If the doctor should instruct you to do so, you can apply a hot-water bag. Fill the bag no more than half full and always wrap it in a clean towel or cloth before applying it to your patient's body. Check to see that the cap is tight. The same rule holds for ice packs. But never, under any circumstances, apply either a hot-water bag or an ice pack unless you have a direct order from the doctor and are sure you understand his instructions completely.

Good care of these articles goes on your list of things to know. Empty the water from them and hang them up so that the last of the water will drain out completely. Leave them open so the air can keep them fresh inside.

It is not likely that you will be called upon to take your patient's pulse unless she is very ill. Since the pulse is not always easy to find, and reading it sometimes difficult, best get your doctor to advise you on this.

Convalescent care calls for a lot of tact, for you must see to it that your patient stays quiet even if she no longer wants to. When she is able to sit in a chair, she will need to be wrapped well. Put the chair near the bed. Spread a blanket over the seat and arms, letting it hang down to the floor. Help your patient into the chair and then lift the lower end of the blanket up over her feet. Tuck one side across her legs and lap, and tuck the other side across her



legs and lap in the opposite direction. Put a second blanket across her shoulders unless she is wearing a jacket or robe.

Keeping her happy will call for all your ingenuity. Visitors are fine if they don't stay too long. When too much strength and energy are spent in visiting with callers, recovery may be retarded. Quiet entertainment, such as reading aloud to your charge, is best. Perhaps a game of cards or checkers would be fun, too. See if you can get at your local library a copy of "Pastimes for the Patient," by Marguerite Ickis, illustrated by Reba Selden Esh. It's an excellent book filled with unique ideas. If your patient is a child from six to twelve years of age, get a copy of Jack B. Crawford's "Wild West Show, An Activity Book" at your library. You will find many good tips

A worth-while reward awaits you—the home nurse. Not in dimes or dollars, but in the so satisfying knowlege that your sound home-nursing technique has helped your patient toward health and happiness.

THE END



Convalescing

November Hominations

Drawings by Florence Maier



9290: A school-day special for teen-age sizes 10-16 is the dress shown here. A rayon tartan plaid by Burlington would point up the scalloped collarline, fitted bodice and gently flared skirt. For size 12 you will need 35/8 yards of 39" material

9134: Our fabric choice for this frock with flared skirt is a wrinkle-resistant rayon check by Dan River. Junior miss sizes 11-17. Size 13 takes 4 yards of 39" material and 1/4 yards





LEFTOVERS

Raid your refrigerator for leftovers, mix them with imagination, add a dash of cooking skill, and you'll have some really festive fare

EFTOVERS can be merely warmedovers, or they can be adventures in new and exciting eating. There are plenty of rules and recipes for using up bits of meat, vegetables, rice, bread, or cake, but often, one's refrigerator doesn't contain exactly the ingredients the recipe requires. That's where ingenuity and imagination come in. A good cook can substitute, alter, invent, and season to suit the taste of her own family.

Not a shred of anything edible should be wasted. Bread can be dried and rolled into crumbs for coating fried foods, or mixed into meat loaves or patties; dried cake and cookies can be crumbled, toasted, and served as a garnish for puddings; amounts of meat too small to be incorporated into stews, casserole dishes, creamed dishes or hash, may end up as sandwich fillings or form the base of a good vegetable soup; bits of dried cheese can be grated and used in dozens of ways. Even the water vegetables are cooked in should be carefully saved for use in soups, gravies, and creamed dishes. If milk sours, all the better! It makes wonderful pancakes, biscuits, cakes, and cookies.

These two rules will help you keep your food budget in hand: Buy only what you need. Use every bit of food you buy.

The Recipe Exchange for February is now open and the subject is Pancakes and Waffles. When winter winds are blowing, it's pancake-and-waffle time for breakfast, lunch, or supper. Won't you leaf through your lists of variations and send them along? For details see page 48.

CORN-AND-HAM PUDDING

Vary this fine hot dish by using cured tongue, spiced ham, or other cooked leftover meat. But remember-with extrasalty meat, adjust salt in the recipe to taste. by JUDITH MILLER

11/2 cups rich milk

2 eggs, slightly

onion

beaten

1 teaspoon scraped

3 cups drained corn

1	cup	leftover	ham,
	diced	1	

- 1 tablespoon butter 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar

to 6 servings.

1/4 teaspoon pepper

Arrange ham on bottom of shallow baking dish. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, salt, pepper, and sugar; blend. Add milk gradually and cook over medium

heat until mixture is thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add onion, corn, and eggs; mix well. Turn into baking dish. Place in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (375°) 50 minutes, or until mixture is set. Makes 4

Sent by MARTHA J. GOTTSCHE, Agawam, Massachusetts

APPLE PUDDING

Don't be guilty of throwing away half a loaf of stale bread when you can make this luscious dessert in jigtime.

- 6 slices stale bread, cubed
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 cup hot milk 4 eggs, beaten 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup sugar ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 cup raisins, or currants 1 cup apple, diced

2 tablespoons brown sugar

Fry bread cubes in butter or margarine until light brown. Add hot milk and let stand 3 minutes. Add eggs, salt, sugar, cinnamon, raisins, and apples. Turn into a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Bake 45 minutes at 300°. Serve hot or cold with top milk. Serves 6.

> Sent by SHARI J. ROTHE, Pasadena, California

FRENCH TOAST SANDWICHES

Beginners in the art of cooking will find these jiffy-quick sandwiches a dandy dish to try out for snacks or suppers.

- 2 cups cooked ground meat 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
- 8 slices bread 1 egg, well-beaten % cup milk Butter or margarine

Combine ground meat with cream of mushroom soup. Spread mixture between slices of bread. Dip sandwiches in mixture made by beating egg and adding milk. Brown on both sides in melted butter or margarine. Serves 4.

Sent by JUNE HEEDE, East Bridgewater, Massachusetts

CHICKEN À LA KING

Turkey, too, works well in this delicate creamed dish. For parties, substitute patty shells for rice or toast.

- 11/2 cups cooked chicken, diced
- 2 tablespoons butter or chicken fat
- 2 tablespoons flour 34 cups mushrooms, chopped
- ¼ green pepper, minced
- 1 cup chicken broth 1 cup evaporated milk
- 14 pimiento, shredded

Cook green pepper and chopped mushrooms in butter until tender, 5 to 8 minutes, keeping them covered while cooking. Remove from fat. Add flour to fat and blend. Add broth and milk slowly and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Place chicken, mushrooms, pepper, and pimiento in top of double boiler over hot water. Add white sauce and continue cooking for 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper if desired. Serve in center of mold of hot rice or over crisp buttered toast. Serves 5 to 6.

Sent by Mary Jane Raney, Massena, New York (Continued on page 36)

Look Smart ...on dates ...on duty

With Buster Brown Official Girl Scout Shoes in your wardrobe, you're all set to be one of the most active girls in town! You like them for their fashionable good looks—your mother likes them for their comfortable fit. And because they carry the word "official," you both know you're getting the best shoes made for Girl Scouts!



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Official Girl Scout Shoes



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foundation of fashion.



by JONNIE BURKE Drawings by Lial Weil



Cute as a bunny! Harry Weiss uses bunny-fur bands on a wool-knit bicycle-clip hat, \$2.95; matching gloves, sizes, 4-6, \$2. Green, navy, red, brown. Hudson's, Detroit



For a trim, belted look, choose Vogue's handsome suede belt with narrow side slits, a gold buckle. In all colors. sizes 24-30. \$2.95.* The May Co., Los Angeles



Handsome heraldics for only \$1* each! Baar & Beards string them on heavy velvet ropes. Dorset-Rex places them on a compact of golden metal. Gimbel's, Pittsburgh

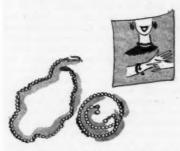
To give or to get! Gay holiday accessories none higher than \$3



Underline your swirling skirts with Ducky's pretty ruffled petticoat. Of permanent-finish organdy with buttoned waistband. Teen sizes 10-16, \$3, Macy's, New York City



Keep locks neat with Einco's ponytail barette-comb of brass-trimmed mock tortoise; bow shape of gold or silver-finish metal. \$1.* each. B. Altman's, New York City



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dress-up time and

you'll be beautifully dressed up in either of

these adorable dance frocks

of rustling rayon taffeta!

"Alice", at left, a moire

taffeta with a neat

bodice and tiny waist.

Bonnie Blavr School Bar Cinderella "Joan", at right, a dashing
plaid with a pert collar
and a pair of pretty
pockets. Both, sizes 8 to 14.
Each, about \$8.00.

FROCKS FOR YOUNG TEENAGERS

At leading stores everywhere. For store nearest you, write Rosenau Brothers, Inc., Philadelphia 29, Pa.



Double Date

(Continued from page 9)

her, liked to be with her. Nor was it any wonder that Penny's own uncertainties and inadequacies showed up so glaringly by comparison.

When they had first moved to Glenhurst, Penny had dared to hope things might be different. She had thought she might meet someone who would pay attention to her as an individual, not just put up with her because she was Pam's sister. Pam was always generous about arranging double dates, but Penny had hoped that in new surroundings, among new people, there might be a boy who would like her for herself.

She hadn't gone so far as to imagine just how he would look. If she had, Penny reflected, he might well have been a reasonable facsimile of Mike Bradley. But was Mike impressed with her? Would he, by any stretch of the imagination, ask her for a date, rather than Pam? The answer was obviously no. For Mike was leaning forward to give Pam the greater share of his attention, just as Randy Kirkpatrick was.

It was always this way, Penny thought desolately. It always would be. She stopped trying to think of something witty and arresting to say. She wrapped herself in her familiar shell of not caring, or, at least, of pretending not to care. Sometimes she pretended so well that she fooled herself. But not today. Not quite.

Penny's throat ached with the knowledge that new surroundings hadn't made a bit of difference. It was going to be the same old routine of following after Pam, of trying to imitate her winning ways.

Just call me Carbon Copy, Penny thought, her lips twisting in a wry smile. But no one was looking at her, so no one noticed.

When Penny entered the wide, gray-carpeted entrance hall, she saw that her mother was busy with two well-dressed feminine customers. They were standing in what had once been a living room, but was now the main salesroom of Howard House. Mrs. Howard looked smart and trimly tailored, her light hair delicately frosted with gray. She smiled at Penny and said, "Hello, dear," then went on discussing drapery materials with the two customers.

Penny turned back for one quick look through the glass of the door. Pam was still standing beside the convertible, laughing gaily with Mike and Randy. Penny could have lingered, too, if she liked, but there had seemed no point in it. None of the others had noticed when she left.

She made her way slowly up the stairs to the apartment where the twins and their mother and grandmother lived. Here the furnishings were tasteful, but far from new. The colors in the chintz drapes were sunmuted, the rugs showed signs of wear. Everything had a comfortable lived-in look. Personally Penny liked the easy informality of these rooms much better than the smart perfection of the lower floor.

Gran was sitting in the cheerful living room, knitting, which she almost always did whenever she sat down. Gran could knit and talk, or listen to the radio, or even read. It was wonderful for Pam and Penny, who never ran out of hand-knit sweaters.

Now a shaft of sunlight gleamed on Gran's crisp, curly white hair. When she

noticed Penny, she smiled and said, "Well, hello. I didn't hear you come upstairs." Her eyebrows lifted at the stack of books Penny carried. "Homework, already?"

"There's not too much of it," Penny said.

"Til bet Pam didn't bring any books home," Gran said.

"Just one," Penny admitted.

"She figures she'll use yours if she needs 'em," Gran chuckled. "What if you didn't bring any home some night?"
"I don't mind." As always, Penny found

herself impelled to defend Pam. "It wouldn't make much sense for both of us to drag the same books home.

Gran smiled at Penny, her blue eyes crinkling deeply at the corners. "How was the new school?" she asked.

Penny told her a little about it. She knew that Pam could describe it all much more vividly. Pam's words would come so fast they would trip over each other, telling about the school, the teachers, adding funny little anecdotes. Pam could make such a wonderful story out of practically anything. Gran asked, "Didn't Pam come home with

you?"

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Penny nodded. "A couple of smooth fellows brought us home. They're out in front.

Gran got up with alacrity. "Well, for pity's sake, why didn't you say so sooner?" She went over to the window to peek out and Penny couldn't resist the temptation to join her. "They're just going," Gran said. "That's quite a car!"

Penny turned from the window quickly as she heard the downstairs door open. She went on into the bedroom she shared with Pam. She could hear Gran and Pam, talking and talking, before Pam finally appeared in the doorway.
"Penny," Pam asked, coming up behind

her as she brushed her hair at the dressing table, "why did you fade away like that?"

Penny's eyes met her sister's in the mirror. Didn't Pam really know? Couldn't she sense how it felt to be in a gay, laughing group and yet not really a part of it? Aloud she said, "I told you I was going in, but nobody seemed to hear me."

Pam asked, "But didn't you like them?"
"Of course. They both seem awfully nice

and lots of fun-but-well, it's pretty clear where their interest lies." Pam chuckled. "Oh, I don't know. Neither of them paid much attention to me this morning in math. It wasn't until I saw them in the corridor after school and let them think I was lost-"

"You mean you weren't?" Penny stared

at her in surprise.

"Of course not," Pam admitted. "But showing me the way to the entrance made them feel big and male and helpful."

Penny shook her head wonderingly. "If I tried to pretend I was lost, I'd blush or do something to give it away. I'd never get by with it.

Pam shrugged, smiling. "By pretending to be dumb and helpless, I got us a ride in a swoony convertible. And we became acquainted with two of the cutest boys I've seen around. You have to take advantage of opportunities like that."

She proceeded to climb out of her skirt and sweater and into an old white shirt and blue jeans. Penny put on her old clothes, too. After a long silence, Pam said dreamily, "I wonder which one will call up first? I bet it'll be Randy."

Penny's heart beat just a little faster. Did

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that mean Pam hoped it would be Randy? "Why?" she asked aloud.

"Oh, he's more impressionable, I imagine," Pam said. "Anyway, I'll bet you that one of them calls up or comes over within the next hour."

Penny's eyes widened. This was superconfident, even for Pam. "How can you be so sure?" she asked wonderingly. "Why, for all we know, both of them may have steady girls."

"Maybe yes," Pam said airily, "maybe no. There was a kind of gleam in their eyes that usually indicates a free man."

Penny hoped she was right, especially about Mike. "Still," she said slowly, "I don't see how you can be so positive."

Pam laughed, her warm contagious laugh that you couldn't hold out against. "It's really elementary," she said, giving Penny an affectionate little hug. "I left my math book in the car."

"Pam!" Penny exclaimed. "You didn't!"
"Um-hum," Pam admitted. "I figured—"
The sound of the phone ringing cut her off.
She gave Penny a triumphant look and flew to answer it. Penny kept her ear cocked only long enough to learn that it was Randy calling. With a little inner glow of relief, she started on her homework. A few minutes later, a beaming Pam came back to the bedroom. "Randy's going to bring my book back tonight," she said. "I told him I wouldn't need it until after dinner."

"Honestly, Pam," Penny shook her head, "I don't see how you can pull a trick like that! Aren't you afraid he'll suspect?"

Pam went over to study her reflection appraisingly in the mirror. "So?" she said. "All it would indicate is that I'm interested enough to want him to come over. Of course, it might have been a teensy bit nicer if Mike had found my book—he's such fun. But Randy's cute, too."

Penny stared at Pam's back for a long minute before bringing her attention back to her English assignment. She could never learn to be like her sister, not really, not if she lived a thousand years.

(To be continued)

Color Scheming

(Continued from page 20)

colling All Cool Blondes: If your hair is dull yellow (straw-colored), your eyes pale blue, gray, or green, and your skin ivory, you will want to cater to your soft natural coloring. Bright shades will overshadow its muted charm, so underplay the part of color in your wardrobe by keeping your color scheme on the cool side. Light shades are daintiest and most deserving of your attention, and browns and rose will flatter your face.

A "mousy" look is the real menace you

A "mousy" look is the real menace you can send scurrying by being supercareful in selecting your make-up. You can stand the vivid lipstick shades—red or coral, and a rachel powder will brighten your complexion best.

What's Right for Redheads depends on what kind of redhead you are. You may be a real "carrottop," or a golden redhead, or nearly auburn, but if you have a creamy skin and pink cheeks you are the classic red-haired type. You look your loveliest in muted, cool colors, neutrals and off-white. Coral, orange-red and true-red lipstick are in keeping with your color scheme.

If you are the other red-haired type with pink-toned skin, then run from blue and

Address:

green which will only add accent to your ruddy complexion. There are dozens of shades of brown, gray, and neutrals that you can wear with confidence. Let your own vivid coloring be the high point of your appearance. A dash of bright lipstick is fine, though, if you stick to orange-reds, and you do need a yellow-toned powder.

Intermediates Are Definitely Interesting: Look, maybe you've been making a mistake. Maybe you've classified yourself as a blond or brunette when, because of your skin tone you're really a special color type known as Intermediate. Are you one of these?

1. Brown hair and eyes with cool, or redtoned skin.

ct

2. Light-brown hair, blue, green or hazel eves, fair skin.

3. Blond hair, brown eyes, golden skin. If you are, you can go all out for any color and dramatize the detail that pleases your personal taste. Beautify your blue eyes even more by wearing cool blues and greens and violet. Give a lift to the glints in your brown hair with golden browns. Choose your make-up according to the color that is predominant in your skin tone. Change your lipstick color as you change your costume, for harmony is not hard to achieve if your natural coloring fits these above-mentioned

Color is a tool that will help create exactly the effect you dream about. Depend on it to make the difference between merely passing muster and ranking as definitely individual.

THE END

INDIAN MOONS

by CRAVEN GRIFFITH



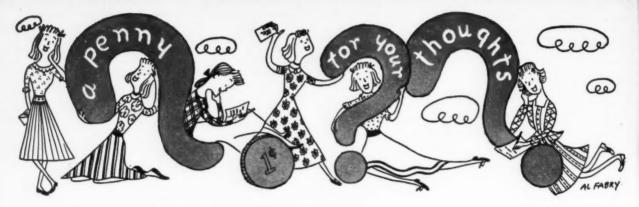
NOVEMBER BEAVER MAN

November and a Moon of Beaver Mild and mellow make-believer Warm the night as Autumn closes Mimicking the Moon of Roses Yet the snow will follow soon November-and a Beaver Moon.

The American Indians used to, and in some tribes still do, identify their months by moons. Each moon was given a name and a symbol. These names and symbols were really mean-ingful to the Indians, because they described something about nature and the out-of-doors that was important in their lives. Names of the moons varied among the different tribes. For November, the name adopted and approved by the American Indian Associ-ation as being most nearly correct and most widely used is "Beaver Moon". November was also known as "Mad Moon" by some tribes.







DUNFERMLINE, SCOTLAND: I get your magazine from a friend over here and enjoy it tremendously. I think is a marvelous magazine for a teen-ager. I especially like A Penny for Your Thoughts and the fashions. I will be ten on April, 1952. I am in the fourth year of Dallar Academy and have taken French, Math, etc. for four years. My hobbies are skating, swimming, cycling, tennis, hockey, gardening, stamp collecting and

MARIE HENDERSON (age 10)

estoril, Portugal: Our fathers are Army and Navy Attachés here in Portugal. We both enjoy your magazine very much, especially the serial A Girl Called Hank. We like Books and By You. While in the States we were both in the Girl Scouts, and we enjoy your articles on Scouting. We think the covers and patterns of your magazine are super.

DIANA MITER and BARBARA FLUCKEY (ages 13)

for sending off for things from magazines. I have found The American Girl the best for that purpose. I just love your serials. Your present one has me thoroughly thrilled.

Barbara O'Roark (age 13)

GREER, SOUTH CAROLINA: The Boathouse Mystery is a wonderful story. I can't wait to get my next issue to see how it comes out.

P.S. My older brother likes your jokes very much.

GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA: Tops in stories, tops in fashions, tops in everything. I do not have to tell you what magazine I am talking about. It is THE AMERICAN GIRL! Your new serial The Boathouse Mystery has a very different beginning than your other stories. I just love mysteries. I think it may be even better than A Girl Called Hank.

SUSANNA O'NEILL (age 12)

union city, tennessee: I want to thank you for your story Laboratory Girl. I liked it because I plan to be a medical technologist.

I also like your patterns and the first in-

I also like your patterns and the first installment of *The Boathouse Mystery*. By You is a wonderful department.

PAT FARRELL (age 13)

TRABUCO CANYON, CALIFORNIA: My brother won't let me read THE AMERICAN GIRL until after he reads it all the way through. I like all your stories although I wish you had

more career stories. I think your fashions are wonderful. I especially like the patterns.

Beverly Whitford (age 13)

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS: I enjoyed the article on how to fix your hair if you wear glasses, for I wear glasses. Since then I have changed my hair to one of the suggested ideas.

I am a Girl Scout of Troop 9. I am taking Girl Scout cooking classes so I am interested in many of the ideas given in Your Own Recipe Exchange.

CAROLYN BABCOCK (age 12)

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI: I always turn to the Jokes, never miss the Teen Shop Talk or A Penny for Your Thoughts.

I thought *The Red Coat* was wonderful. Used to be when the girls would come over, they would ask where the funny books are. Now they ask where THE AMERICAN GIRL is.

GLORIA CAMP (age 12)
P. S. Your covers are beautiful. Especially
July and September.

WASHINGTON, D. C.: Congratulations on a super-duper magazine. I have been taking The American Girl for five years and I can honestly say that I have enjoyed each issue.

The covers, fiction, fashions, the *Recipe Exchange* and the recently added *By You* Department rate an A-plus.

After reading the magazine myself, my mother and sister also read it and enjoy it as much as I do. Just recently I sent some copies to my pen pal in England.

I am a Senior Girl Scout.

Keep up the good work.

JANET CLEM (age 15)

COLUMBIA, MISSISSIPPI: I will have to congratulate you on your covers. They have improved millions since I started taking The American Girl. To my opinion the July issue has had the best cover.

GAY SCOTT (age 12)
P. S. I think your Scouting articles are very interesting because I am a Girl Scout of Troop 3.

MANAWA, WISCONSIN: The September cover is very striking and unusual.

I think your fashions are cute and snappy. But above everything else three cheers for By You.

Let's have more stories like "There's More Than One Way-" by Amy Sprague. That was a good sport story.

JUDY CRANE (age 14)

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA: I am a Girl Scout of Troop 46. I enjoy Scouting and love to read All Over the Map.

I thought that "There's More Than One Way—" was one of the best short stories I had ever read. By You is wonderful because it gives us a chance to show our talents.

Frances Boylston (age 11)

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: The Serial *The Boathouse Mystery* sounds very interesting. I also liked *The Red Coat*. I wish you would have more stories like that.

The articles Let's Face It and Laboratory Girl were both very good.

Josephine Lentine (age 14)

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: I just had to write and tell that your story Laboratory Girl made up my mind to be a Lab technician. I wasn't sure till I read your story. Thanks very much

DIANE GROSS (age 13)

NEW ULM, MINNESOTA: I especially enjoyed The Red Coat.

I enjoy the By You section, and my mother likes the recipe section.

Could you put in a few animal stories.

Your September cover was tops.

CAROL STEINHAUER (age 12)

ABILENE, TEXAS: I think the movies you pick are all very good—with a very few exceptions. In the September issue, you recommended "Cattle Drive" with Joel McCrea and Dean Stockwell. I saw it tonight. It is a very good picture and I would recommend every one to see it if it is at all possible.

I am a Senior Scout of Troop 22 in Abilene. Since this is going on my seventh year of Scouting, I enjoy your Scouting articles very much. I entered Brownies at the age of seven. I will be fifteen this coming October. Due to changing schools, I missed "flying up" and a year of Scouting.

Our troop went to camp at Mitre Peak Girl Scout Camp in the Davis (Rocky) Mountains. We enjoyed it very much, as it was different from anything we were used to.

While in the state of Georgia I had the honor of visiting Camp Juilette Low. It is very beautiful there. I hope someday either to camp or to be a counselor there.

There is an old saying, "nothing is perfect," but I don't think it applies to your magazine. Thanks for a wonderful magazine.

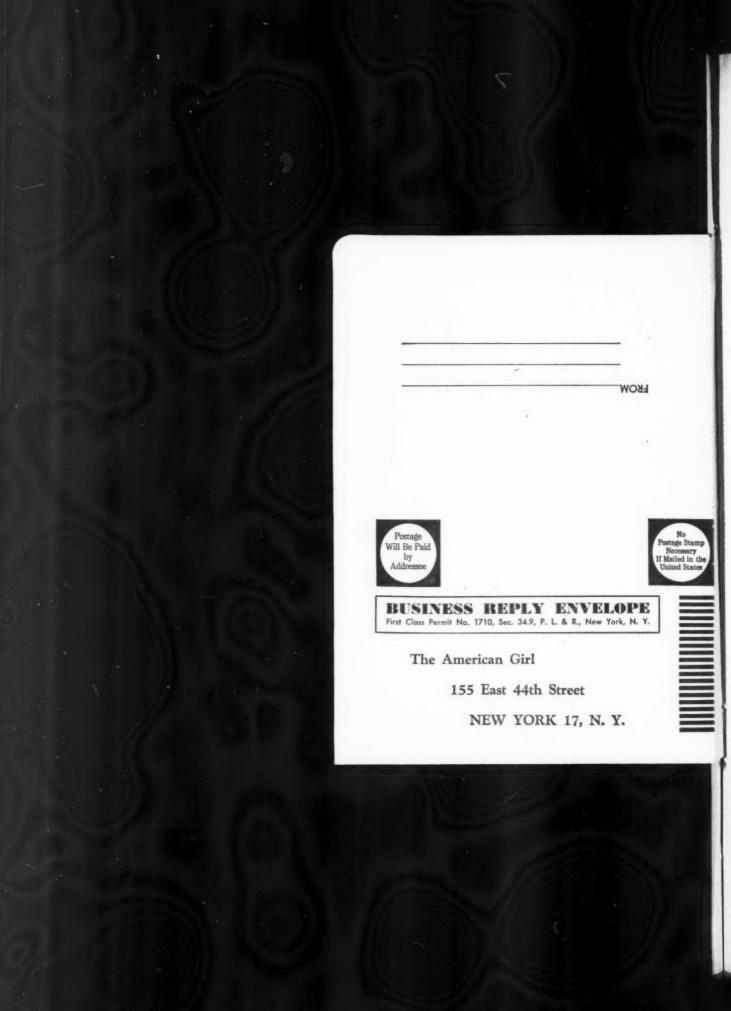
BARBARA SMITH, (age 15)

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

AS A Christmas GIFT SEND THE AMERICAN GIRL TO

	ZONE	STATE
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The Magie Spell

(Continued from page 21)

for help. He took in the situation at a glance, went back into the house, and emerged with Dad's heavy umbrella in his grasp.

This momentarily distracted my friend's attention, so I slid into the front seat of the car and slammed the door—just in time, for he was right behind me. Quickly I put the key in the ignition, and started the motor. This agonizing development seemed more than he could bear, and he began pleading with me to stop. When the car started to move forward without him, he dashed recklessly in front of it and planted himself squarely between the headlights.

By this time my rescuer had arrived and was threatening my would-be admirer with his umbrella.

"No, no, Jim," I cried. "Don't hurt him, please!"

In spite of its unexpected suddeness, his open admiration had touched my heart. I really did not want to leave him and his. In the late of the late of

THE END

USE THIS HANDY FORM TO ORDER AMERICAN GIRL PATTERNS

Check pattern number and size and enclose correct amount (in coin) for each pattern.

FEATURED ON PAGES 24-25
9264—Gown, Jumper, Blouse
Sizes 11 13 15 17
4868—Dress with Patch Pockets
Sizes 10 12 14 16
4538—Dress with Pointed Collar
Sizes 11 13 15 17
9290—Dress with Scalloped Collarline
Sizes 10 12 14 16
9134—Dress with Mandarin Collar
Sizes 11 13 15 17
4694—Apron
Sizes 14 16
I enclose \$ for patterns
Be sure to enclose correct amount for each pattern ordered (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage.
Name(Please Print)
Address
City and State
155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.



Be an Angel... on your next big dance date! Look divine in palest pink tulle... with softly shirred bodice... billowing crinolined skirt. For an added touch of glory... a wing-like stole... a scattering of pink roses. A heavenly dress guaranteed to capture his heart, catch every eye in the stag line.

Be a Smoothie . . . on every date, even on "those days." Easy if you heed the hints in the Modess book, "Growing Up and Liking It." Written especially for teen-agers, it tells the important facts about menstruation. Gives you helpful pointers on beauty, poise and health. Yours . . . absolutely FREE!

Send for your free copy today!



Anne Shelby, Personal Products Corp., Box 5151-11, Milliown, N.J.

Please send me, in plain wrapper, a FREE copy of "Growing Up and Liking It." (Good only in U.S.A. and Canada)

	(PLEASE PRINT)
Address	
City	



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CLEANS AND SHINES ALUMINUM

Your Own Recipe Exchange

(Continued from page 26)

BARBECUED-BEEF SHORTCAKES

Here is a real winner for an after-thebig-game supper! This delicious barbecue sauce will blend well with any meat, or you may substitute your own favorite barbecue sauce if you prefer.

- 1 cup biscuit mix 4 to 6 tablespoons
- milk ¼ cup minced onion
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 cup tomato catsup 1 cup leftover brown gravy
- 2 cups roast beef, cubed or sliced
- Prepare biscuit with milk according to instructions on package; knead ½ minute. Pat into rectangle 6" x 4". Place in a flat pan and bake at 450° for 10 minutes, or until brown. Meanwhile, brown onion in salad oil. Add salt, sugar, catsup, gravy and meat. Heat to boiling point. Cut biscuits into serving-size pieces. Top with meat and sauce. Serves 6.

Sent by KATHLEEN McDonald, Cleveland Ohio

TRIFLE

Don't let the name of this dainty dessert fool you. It's really tremendous fare.

Sponge, white, or chocolate cake may be used and it doesn't matter if the cake is dry. All the better to soak up the toothsome sauce! If the cake has already been iced, be sure to cut off the icing before starting the recipe.

- 2 cups leftover cake
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups milk
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Crumble cake and spread in buttered dish. Combine eggs, sugar, vanilla, and milk. Cook egg mixture over medium heat about 5 minutes, or until thickened. Pour over cake. Sprinkle top with nuts. Chill in refrigerator several hours. Spoon into dainty glass dishes to serve. Serves 6.

Sent by PAT MULLINGS, Denver, Colorado

HAM-AND-SWEET-POTATO BALLS

This recipe is so very terrific, you might find yourself actually planning a ham-andsweet-potato dinner, just so you'll have the leftovers to use in making these crisp balls.

- 2 cups mashed sweet potatoes
 - 1/2 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/4 teaspoon ground

cloves

- 2 eggs, well-beaten 2 cups cooked ham,
- finely cubed 1 cup crushed cornflakes

Combine sweet potatoes, salt, cloves, mustard and eggs; blend thoroughly. Add ham. Shape into balls (12). Roll each ball in crushed cornflakes. Fry in hot fat (375°) 2 to 3 minutes, or until brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Serves 6.

Sent by Helen Bohil, St. Johns, Michigan THE END

Please turn to page 48 for next month's Recipe Exchange Announcement

easily removes

BURNED-ON

GREASE!

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HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department? There's terrific interest in this feature of the magazine. Hundreds of entries are flooding in, from all over the country. Do keep sending them each month—but be sure to follow the rules

exactly, if you want your entry considered.
Readers under eighteen years of age may send entries. Only material never before published will be considered.

SHORT STORIES

Any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

POEM5

Any subject-two to twenty-five lines.

NONFICTION

Almost any type of nonfiction—descrip-tion, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words. Suggested subject for March, 1952—SPRING.

DRAWINGS

Any subject. Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". WARNING: Wrap carefully! Drawings that are smudged, creased, or otherwise damaged will not be considered.

1. Entries for the March, 1952, issue must be mailed on or before December 1, 1951. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted. 2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.
Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted

(for stories and nonfiction).

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:
"I have seen this contribution and am con-

vinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender.

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is

final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one. 5. All manuscripts and drawings submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL. Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

AWARDS

Awards will be made for all material published: for contributions that, in the opinion of the judges, merit top award, \$10 will be given; for all others published, an award of \$5 will be given.

Each month we will also publish a list of those contributors whose work is worthy of Honorable Mention. No cash awards will be made for these Honorable Mentions.

Send entries to:

"By You" Dept. Editor The American Girl Magazine 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?

Give The American Girl at least six weeks' notice, so as not to miss any issues. Be sure to send your old as well as your new address to The American Girl, 155 E. 44th St., N. Y. 17.

Keep a Recipe Scrapbook



tbs. chopped green pepper, 1/2 c. Whole-

Egg Mayonnaise. Heat in skillet. Crill

6 thin slices boiled ham. Heap corn on

ham, serve hot. (Serves 6.)

Hikers away! And for a wonderful treat on the trail ... a hearty meal from you own* recipe scrapbook!

Trailside Ham Barbecue



Proficiency Badge

requirements suggest that you make a scrapbook of outdoor recipes and menus, and try out at least three. (See Activity 14.) Here's an ideal recipe; clip it now!

On the trail, or in mother's kitchen . . . what a difference the Whole-Egg Mayonnaise makes in so many wonderful salads, sauces, super-sandwiches. Made with freshly broken whole eggs plus extra yolks ... just taste the difference between Hellmann's or Best Foods Whole-Egg Mayonnaise and mayonnaise made with egg yolks alone! No wonder it's America's favorite mayonnaise . . . so good so many ways!

Best Foods - HELLMANN'S





LOOK! A folder of miniature emery boards-enough to last and last. Handy to keep your nails groomed in odd moments. And with Emery-ettes in your purse, it's no trick to repair a broken nail-that's money saved on your stocking budget. You get Emery-ettes as a gift ...

when you send for . Idea-ful FREE circular

"Good Grooming with Wax"

You'd never think you could use wax from head to toe! When you read "Good Grooming with Wax" you'll find dozens of tips-how to make an old straw hat look



new...how to keep a shine on your shoes...how to keep your purse fingerprint-proof. Ever dream of glamorous galoshes? You'll learn how to make your booties beauties. And if you love your luggage now, wait until you are wise to waxing. Get started with your own copy of "Good Grooming with Wax."



IF YOU ARE A GIRL SCOUT WORKING on your Good Grooming Badge, this circular will give you lots of help.

WRITE TO

CONSUMER EDUCATION DEPT. AG11

JOHNSON'S WAX

RACINE, WISCONSIN

Ask for free Emery-ettes and circular, 'Good Grooming with Wax''-be sure to sign your name and address.



SPEAKING OF MOVIES



CLOSE TO MY HEART-This moving story stars Gene Tierney, Ray Milland and an enchanting When Midge Sheridan (Gene Tierney) and her newspaper-columnist husband, Brad (Ray Milland) want to adopt a child they find the waiting list long. Midge wants to take Danny, a foundling, but Brad wants to know who Danny's parents were. Against Midge's wishes, he starts inquiries in his column. Near loss of Danny brings a happy end-(Warner Brothers)

THE GOLDEN HORDE-The orn ies of Genghis Khan, mighty Mongol ruler, sweep down upon the old Persian city of Samarkand. Here Princess Shalimar (Ann Blyth), aided by Crusader Sir Guy (David Farrar), matches wits and military strength with the Khan's son, Juchi, (Henry Brandon) and his Kalmuk ally, Tugluk (Howard Petrie). The ensuing struggle to maintain the freedom of the city against the invader, and for the love of the lovely Princess is packed with drama and suspense. (Universal-International)





AN AMERICAN IN PARIS-Against a background of Gershwin music, Gene Kelly (Jerry Mulligan) Leslie Caron (Lise Bourvier) and Oscar Levant (Adam Cook) present a lively, colorful theater evening. As a struggling artist in Paris, Mulligan persues lovely ballet dancer, Lise. Witty Oscar Levant is Mulligan's equally struggling composer friend. The choreography and fine singing make this a sparkling show that everyone in the family should enjoy. (MGM)

THE RAGING TIDE-A dramatic adaptation of a best-selling noval, this story takes place on the San Francisco waterfront. Bruno Felkin (Richard Conte) escapes arrest for murder by taking refuge aboard Hamil Linder's (Charles Bickford) fishing boat. When Bruno and Hamil's son Carl (Alex Nicol) vie for Connie's (Shelley Winters) love, com plications arise. Life at sea and Hamil's fatherly interest help Bruno succeed in building a better life for himself.

(Universal-Interational)



by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



B. Trefoil charm to add to all the others on a bracelet. Can be worn on neck chain also. Gold plate. No. 12-142a.....30¢*

C. "Be Prepared" is the message on the trefoil dangle. It's in fifteen languages. 24K gold plate. No. 12-136a................70¢*

D. Glowing simulated emerald in a smart collegiate setting. Sterling silver ring with trefoils and the letters G and S on each side. Full and half sizes, 4 to 9. No. 12-162a......\$2.40*

E. Sweet and lovely book locket holds two loved pictures. Embossed with trefoil. Pink gold plate. No. 12-144a.....\$1.20*

H. Matchmate barrette has a pretty way with the hair. Strong clasp holds firmly. No. 12-102a......40¢

*Tax included

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51



All Over the Map

Headline News in Girl Scouting

Airmarking has been a profitable activity for Wing Scout Troop 3 of Greenville, Ohio. In these days, airmarking is as important to the airplane pilot as highway marking is to the motorist. Ohio recognizes this by requiring that all incorporated villages be airmarked, and by allowing a payment of fifty dollars for each marker.

When Troop 3 decided to undertake this project, they first obtained permission through the mayor and council of their town. Then a suitable roof was chosen and the owner's permission received to do the marking. The Girl Scouts are allowed to paint on flat roofs to which there are entrances inside the building. They use highway traffic paint, and the layout and lettering follow the specifications of the Civil Aeronautics Authority. (These specifications may be obtained from the C.A.A. Airmarking Division in Washington, D. C., or from local State Aviation Boards.) The Greenville Wing Scouts think this is a worthwhile community service, and an excellent—and appropriate—way of raising troop funds.

Their nationalities include the United States, India, Bulgaria, Israel, Germany, and many others; their religions cover nearly as wide a range. Yet the Girl Scout troops of Junior High School 157 in Rego Park, New York, work and play together in the true spirit of Girl Scouting.

Service is an important part of the program of these Brownie and Intermediate Scouts. They have helped with projects for an orphans' home, a convalescent home for spastic children, the children's ward of one of New York City's large hospitals. Craftwork has been another enjoyable activity. Leather and copper work, done while working on the Leather and Metal badges, has been a fascinating project for some troops. Others have made tray favors, book covers, and stuffed animals. Still others have made hand-painted cooky jars and filled them with cookies of their own making. One troop made a Juliette Low Friendship cloth, embroidered with the names of the troop members and their leaders, as a gift for a Girl Guide troop in Norway. These active, wideawake troops are planning other community and international activities for the coming months.

If Franklin, Georgia, should win the sweepstakes prize in the Champion Home Town Contest this year, Girl Scout Troop 23 will come in for a share of the credit. In this local contest, communities are divided into three groups, and a prize is awarded to the town in each group which, during the year, has shown the most improvement. Last year the Girl Scouts worked with might and main—and rakes, shovels, and hoes—to make the approaches to the town attractive, and by their efforts helped Franklin win a first prize of one thousand dollars. This year the troop is concentrating on helping to keep the park clean, and the streets free from rubbish and papers.

During the spring the girls collected and sold scrap paper, and sponsored a chicken supper. In this way they earned enough to enable the troop to camp at Pine Mountain Valley, one of the highlights of their program. As still another fund-raising project, they made pot holders which were sold at the Heard County Fair.

Their first-anniversary birthday party was a gala affair for the Girl Scouts at the United States Kindley Air Force Base in Bermuda. During the one year of their existence, Intermediate Lone Troop 1 and Brownie Lone Troop 2 had grown steadily, and by their first birthday there were eighteen Girl Scouts and thirty-six Brownies in the two troops at the Air Force Base.

There were a number of distinguished guests at the party, including the Island Commissioner and the District Commissioner of the Girl Guides; the chaplain of the Kindley Base; Girl Scouts and their leaders from the nearby Naval Air Station; and, of course, proud parents and friends. After an impressive ceremony, during which two



new Girl Scouts were invested and received their pins, a huge birthday cake was cut with appropriate ceremony. When the last crumb had disappeared the party was over, and Lone Troops 1 and 2 were started on their second year of fun and service.

A very successful Senior State Conference was held in Waterbury, Connecticut, this year. Senior Scouts of Waterbury, with the help of the New Haven County Senior Scouts, planned and carried through an outstanding program.

One of the interesting features of their program was a fashion show of Girl Guide and Girl Scout uniforms. Uniforms of twenty-seven foreign countries were modeled, as well as uniforms worn in this country from the beginning of Girl Scouting to the proceed down

the present day.

There was an excellent panel on "Are We Ready?" and discussion groups on Wing, Mariner, Senior Service Scouts, and camping. The regional delegate to the 1950 International Encampment told the girls about the encampment, and fired them with a desire to attend a future International Encampment. The conference gave the delegates much to think about, and many new ideas to take back to their troops.

When the Scranton, Pennsylvania Girl Scout Council suggested the making of dioramas as a project for their troops,

the idea proved a real inspiration. Brownies, Intermediates, and Seniors were imme-

diately enthusiastic.

A diorama is a miniature scene in three dimensions, and can be as simple or as elaborate as the creator wishes. Suggestions and basic instructions were sent to each Girl Scout troop; but every troop decided on its own theme and carried out the rest of the project. Badge work was the theme of some troops. Others chose an activity they especially enjoyed: one troop made an outdoor cooking scene, with pipe-cleaner figures roasting miniature hot dogs and marshmallows. A Senior troop which had gone to New York to see the stage presentation of "Peter Pan" made Barrie's play the theme of their diorama.

At Scranton's Girl Scout birthday celebration, forty-one troops displayed their dioramas. All were excellent, and were highly praised by the hundreds of visitors to the Girl Scouts' "Open House" party.

"I'd like to take one of these scrapbooks to my doctor's office," remarked handle comfortably. For the pages they used the plain backs of discarded file folders (collected by their leader) and the cardboards which many laundries put in shirts. These were trimmed to the right size, punched with three holes, and tied together with bright yarn.

As a theme for their scrapbooks, the troop chose "Our Homes." Pictures were clipped from magazines and advertisements to make picture stories—there was no writing in these books for very little folk. Each book showed a house, the yard, the various rooms and their furnishings, the food the family ate, and the family itself. They had several other good ideas for themes: State flowers; ways of transportation; foods; animals. All would make interesting scrapbooks for small children.

Music has been one of the important activities of Troop 343 in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and they have developed several programs around musical themes. One of their first was a Negro spiritual program. The girls did the research and preparatory

A Park Ranger stopped at a Girl Scout troop camp in Birch State Park, Florida, to see that all was well. Incidentally, he asked, would they like to meet an Estonian girl, formerly a Girl Guide, who lived nearby? Of course they said yes, and that evening the Ranger introduced Kitty Virckhaus to the girls of Troop 47 of the Broward County Council. It was the beginning of a friendship which has been a rich and rewarding experience for all of them.

That first evening, Kitty told the girls how she and her family had had to flee from their home country, and of her Girl Guiding experiences in the Displaced Persons camps in which she had spent so many years. She taught them new songs and games, too, and the Florida girls taught her

some of theirs.

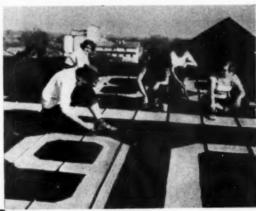
So it was quite natural that when the troop was asked to represent a country at an international pageant, they chose Estonia. Thanks to the help of Kitty and her father, an excellent musician, their dance was one of the outstanding scenes of the pageant. Naturally, too, they chose Estonia when they

Above left: In this delightful diorama the Girl Scouts of Scranton, Pennsylvania have presented an outdoor cooking scene so true to life that you can almost smell the hot dogs roasting. The lively figures are made of pipe cleaners

Left: Among the best boosters of their home town are the Girl Scouts of Troop 23, Franklin, Georgia whose hard work with rake and shovel helped make their town so attractive that it won first prize in the Champion Home Town Contest

Right: Wing Scout Troop 3 of Greenville, Ohio serves its community and country through a very special project—airmarking! Here the girls are marking a roof according to specifications set up by the Civil Aeronauties Authority

Below: The gaily costumed girls shown here in a scene from their operetta, "Bits o' Blarney," are members of Troop 343 in Minneapolis, Minnesota. The operetta was the high point of a year of exciting program activities in the music field





work under the guidance of a Negro student at the University of Minnesota, who told them the history of her race, the backgrounds and stories of the spirituals.

For their second program they decided on Ukrainian music. They learned the songs from a Ukrainian choir leader. The owner of a Ukrainian art shop taught them the dances, helped with their costumes, and

explained the meanings of the symbols used on the costumes. As the climax of a year's work on Curved Bar requirements in the Entertainer field, the troop put on a two-act

operetta, "Bits o' Blarney."

These girls also have presented a program on their local radio-television station; sung carols at the veterans' hospitals at Fort Snelling; and presented a fine musical program at one of their city's churches. It was a proud moment for the troop when fifteen of its members received their Curved Bars last June.

began work on the World Neighbor badge. From their Estonian friends, and the books they lent the troop, the girls learned a great deal that was not to be found in the other sources available to them. Recently Kitty made a small book of pictures of the troop's activities, and started it on a journey to Estonian Girl Guide troops all around the world. Each troop is being asked to add a picture and a message to the book. When it returns to the Florida Girl Scouts, it will indeed be something to treasure, a symbol of real international friendship and understanding.

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

This department is for nows about Girl Scouts everywhere: what they are doing and how they are doing it. Girl Scouts—and Girl Guides too—from all over the world tell us how much they enjoy reading about your activities, what fine ideas you have given them in this department. Se please continue to send us good accounts of your fun, your community services, your special or pet projects. And send us photographs—glossy prints, large and clear—that will reproduce well in the magazine. Pictures that tell a story are best, with the girls in good poses, busy with some activity.

good poses, busy with some activity.

Remember, this is the Girl Scouts' very
own department—let's make it a good one!

Olney, Maryland, as the troop was busily making scrapbooks for sick children. Suddenly realizing how tiresome doctor's waiting rooms can be for little children, the Brownies decided to make their scrapbooks for the offices of their local doctors and for their public-health clinic. It was the start of a fine community project that has been very satisfying and successful.

one of the girls of Brownie Troop 268 in

The scrapbooks which they made were seven by ten inches, with twenty pagessmall and light enough for little people to

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Top: These Brownies contributed by helping to assemble school kits for over two thousand children

Bottom: The Girl Scouts collected toys and games for the flood victims and helped run the toyshop

Top: Keeping the homeless children happy and busy was an important aspect of the Scouts' work

Bottom: The Kansas City, Kansas Scouts shown here prepared food for all the children in their charge

T was just before noon on a warm summer day at Camp Branwood, the day camp of the St. Louis Girl Scouts. In their beautiful campsite, high on the bluffs overlooking Creve Coeur Lake, the girls were busy with their activities.

Then came the urgent call from the Red Cross. Could the Scouts leave their camp a week early so that homeless victims of the flood that had struck the St. Louis area would have some place to live?

Hurriedly the girls formed their all-camp noon circle and put the issue up for discussion and a vote. The decision was an overwhelming "yes"! By three o'clock that very afternoon the Girl Scouts were on their way out of camp.

The Red Cross moved in. A tent city was set up; supplies and equipment were provided, and finally the retugees were brought to the warmth and safety of the camp. For more than six weeks two hundred people lived in the temporary homes made possible by the prompt action of the Girl Scouts. When everyone was settled, Girl Scouts who were experts in primitive camping techniques

came back to Camp Branwood to show the new tenants how to live comfortably out of doors. At least three Scouts came every day to carry out a program of recreation for the children. They took them on short hikes, organized games, and conducted handicraft

This was only one of the many instances of Girl Scout relief work during the floods that devastated the Midwestern area last summer. After the immediate danger was over the Scouts continued to work in the disaster area to help with the tremendous job of making living conditions tolerable once more. They showed the country that when an emergency arises the Girl Scouts can do a womanized job to help others, and they proved to themselves the value of the Girl Scout motto, "Be Prepared."

In Topeka, Kansas, the Executive Director of the Girl Scouts was appointed to take charge of all the nurseries in the city, and she called upon the Scouts and their leaders to help her with the assignment. Hard hit by the torrential rains of the wettest summer since 1886, some twenty thousand people

were driven from their homes in this area. Caring for the frightened and homeless children was an urgent task to be done.

The municipal auditorium was turned into a shelter, and within one hour after the first refugees had been brought into the city, Girl Scouts had set up a recreation program in the auditorium for the small children. One Leader and six Girl Scouts worked in shifts from eight in the morning until nine at night caring for the youngsters, while Senior Scouts served food to the evacuees. In three of the city's biggest shelters, Scouts ran babyformula stations for twelve hours each day.

Once some order had been achieved the Scouts turned to the next serious problem—providing clothing for the refugees. Scouts collected used and discarded clothing from all over the area and handled its distribution from their council office until the American Legion and other adult relief organizations took over the job.

Later, when the height of the danger from the flood waters had passed, Topeka Girl Scouts set up a plan whereby troops outside of the flooded area of the city "adopted" and thereby helped members of troops who lived in the flood areas. This program and service project went on even after the flood waters had subsided, until it was no longer needed.

It wasn't just the Senior and Intermediate Scouts who pitched in. Even the youngest Brownies did their part by collecting toys to give to the children. Leaders among troops everywhere were among the most valuable and sought-after relief workers.

Preparedness Paid Off

by BETTY MUESSEN

In Kansas City, Missouri where the Kaw River meets the Missouri River, the flood was perhaps worst of all, for fire was added to the raging waters when a high tension wire struck a crude-oil storage tank. Immediate and efficient relief work was needed, and the Scouts were ready to do their share in keeping everyone as happy as possible. This meant planning and maintaining a first-class recreation program.

The Girl Scouts were asked to collect toys for the children in the shelter run by the City Recreation Committee and the Salvation Army. They collected so many that at least half of them were taken to the Salvation Army headquarters in another part of the city. But the toyshop needed attendants. Again Scouts volunteered. Four Girl Scouts worked each day—two in the Salvation Army nursery and two in the toyshop, while others assisted with the recreation program for the

older children.

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ng ost It was in this recreation work that the Girl Scouts were able to utilize the skills they had acquired in earning their badges— Child Care, Folk Dancer, or Minstrel.

In Kansas City, Kansas, Girl Scouts cheerfully ran day nurseries and collected toys, food, clothing, books, and magazines to distribute to homeless families. They served as messengers for overworked and harried Red Cross personnel; they answered telephones; and they did much of the paper work required to register the flood victims. Scouts also prepared and served food to the one thousand men working on the river dykes.

Not to be outdone by their older sister Scouts, four Brownie troops decided to adopt certain homeless families which they proceeded to clothe, feed, and entertain with all the ingenuity of the adult relief workers.

The Salvation Army asked the Girl Scouts to maintain the nursery at one of its main shelters where more than five hundred children were housed. It was here that the Girl Scouts themselves cooked and served the meals for the children in their charge.

When essential materials began to be scarce, the Red Cross called on the Girl Scouts to make bed sheets for babies living in the various shelters. With their usual speed and efficiency the Girl Scouts hemmed and delivered 199 sheets to the Red Cross. Brownies patiently hemmed towels for displaced families to take to their homes when

the water subsided.

When it was discovered that the displaced children in Kansas City, Kansas would be going back to school in September without school supplies, the Girl Scouts set up one of their biggest projects. Just as they had done for the international project of the Girl Scouts, "Schoolmates Overseas," the Kansas City Scouts began to collect school supplies and pack them in sturdy, brownpaper bags. Yet the project was so big, that it was necessary to send out a call for help to Girl Scouts in the rest of the flooded area and to those in neighboring States who had volunteered to help. The response was tremendous. Thanks to the Girl Scouts over two thousand youngsters started school well equipped to tackle the three R's.

From Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, and Oklahoma, the stories keep coming in of the efficiency, the dependability, the resource-fulness of the Girl Scouts. Everywhere Girl Scouts were asked to help—and everywhere Girl Scouts had help to give to others.

irl Scouts had help to g











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AMERICAN STUDIOS. Dept. A, La Crosse, Wisc.





Rainbows at Her Feet

(Continued from page 11)

when he took her books and smiled at her. His presence was a comfort. They walked in silence for awhile. When they reached the corner of her street, he took her hand.

"Will you let me lend you the ten dollars for the costume, Karen?" he asked.

Karen caught her breath. She hadn't expected this. It was sweet of Duncan, but, of course, she couldn't do it. She knew she could never pay it back unless she told her mother. And she had made up her mind not to do that. It would make her mother unhappy to know she hadn't been able to do what the other parents were doing.

"I can't, Duncan. But thanks just the same! I do appreciate it. Don't worry. I'll find something. Wait and see!" She smiled as she spoke, and he thought she had never looked lovelier.

"You're a swell person, Karen," he said. That was all, but it was enough to make Karen feel as if she had wings on her feet as she ran up the porch steps.

After the dinner dishes washed, Karen said to her mother, have to furnish our own costumes this year. I wonder if there's anything in the attic I

could use?'

"We can look," answered Mrs. Sayers. They spent a dusty hour in the attic and found several things, but none of the dresses was of the right period. A gray taffeta "going-away" costume had belonged to Karen's grandmother. It was of 1908 vintage, not Victorian. But the skirt was full and the bodice tight, and Mrs. Sayers thought something could be done by adding the material from a pink silk dress of the same period. Karen tried to sound enthusiastic, but the old dresses looked dingy, and she dreaded the long hours of sewing, which she hated.

They found a floppy leghorn hat trimmed with roses. "I can make that into a poke

bonnet." Mrs. Savers said.

"Isn't there anything of Great-grandmother's left?" Karen asked. "A cloak or some-thing? That would be just the right period." Her mother shook her head. "Moths got

into her things the year I was ill and nobody did a demothing job. I hated to throw out the things that had belonged to her and to your great-grandfather. But one thing I did save! I remember now! Her shaw!!'

She pushed aside boxes and bundles until she found a small leatherbound trunk far back under the eaves. When she raised the lid, Karen reached in eagerly and drew out an old Paisley shawl. It was as soft as silk, and the colors shone like jewels in the bright light of the unshaded bulb, hanging from the center of the ceiling.

"Oh, Mother, it's perfect! I'm so glad you remembered it!" Karen gently stroked

the shawl. "It's so lovely.

"I wouldn't dare send it to the cleaners, as I will the dresses," Mrs. Sayers said.
"I'll give it a good brushing and hang it on

the line for a couple of days."

The dress turned out to be much pretties than Karen had dared to hope. Lana had hemmed yards and yards of the pink material, and her mother had covered the plain, gray-taffeta skirt with quantities of ruffles. The demure poke bonnet, trimmed with pink roses and tied under her chin with blackvelvet ribbons, was very becoming. But it was the shawl that made the costume. The

girls in the cast raved about it; Miss Turnball was delighted with it; Miss Hopper, the art teacher, asked Karen to pose in her costume for the art class.

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On the afternoon of the play, Mrs. Sayers hung the shawl on the line again for a last, good airing. When Karen went out before supper to bring it in, a long, expensivelooking car was passing by. Karen noticed that there were two people in it, a man and a woman. The car slowed down, while its occupants stared at her frankly for a full minute. Indeed, the man looked as if he wanted to stop, but the woman laid her hand on his arm as if she were persuading him to drive on. "A swanky Hollywood sort of car," Karen described it later to her mother and Lana, "out of this world!"

There had been plenty of mishaps during the dress rehearsal. The carpet of artificial grass had caught on the heel of Mr. Micawber's shabby boot and trailed him across the stage like a fat, green shadow. At the wrong time, the boys in charge of the scenery had lowered a "drop" of Mr. Peggotty's house and cut off one of David's best and longest speeches, by shutting him behind it. But Miss Turnball had only laughed, saying that accidents like that meant a successful real performance.

And she was right. Everything went smoothly. No one forgot a word. There wasn't a hitch anywhere. Karen forgot herself completely, because she loved to act, and became a true Dora, pouting and giggling through her part and looking so ador-

able that she drew a storm of applause.
"You were wonderful!" Miss Turnball cried, pushing Karen out for her sixth curtain call. "But I knew you would be!" Karen's success went to her head like

wine. People crowded around her. Everyone praised her. If this was success, it was wonderful! She could never get enough of it!

Duncan swept her off to the party Louise Wilson was giving for the cast. He claimed the first dance.

"Stars in her eyes, and rainbows at her et . . ." he hummed along with the music, holding her close. Karen smiled dreamily. That was exactly how she felt. She had never been so happy.

The following afternoon, Duncan dropped in to talk about the play. He carried Lana downstairs and installed her in a big chair by the living-room window. Lana, basking in Karen's success, wanted to hear again every detail of last night's performance.

When the bell rang, Karen said, "Somebody else wanting to hash over last night," and scurried, laughing, to the door. She re-

turned more sedately.

A strange man and woman were following her and Mrs. Sayers rose, with a look of

surprise, to greet them. Lana, glancing out the window, saw the "Hollywood" car. "I hope we're not intruding," the woman said, after introducing herself as Amelia Wentworth and her companion as Richard Hazen.

"Not at all," Mrs. Sayers smiled gra-ciously, although she was still puzzled. "We were talking about a play given last night at the high school. My daughter was in

"Oh, yes, we saw it!" Miss Wentworth exclaimed. "The casting and directing were perfect. Hollywood could use your Miss

Your daughter was particularly charming," Mr. Hazen broke in. "She deserved

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the praise we heard on every side." He turned to Karen and smiled, "You were indeed delightful, my dear."

A pulse started to beat in Karen's throat. Could this be it? Could what she had said in a joke to cheer Lana and her mother really be coming true? Were these people Hollywood scouts?

"And your costume," Miss Wentworth went on, "was perfect!"

"It was the Paisley shawl that made it so." Mrs. Sayers laughed. "It covered a multitude of mistakes my younger daughter and I made when we were sewing Karen's dress. The shawl belonged to her greatgrandmother, whose father bought it for a hundred dollars from a sailor in New Orleans in Eighteen fifty-nine. It was a present for her sixteenth birthday.

FO

Karen, seeing Miss Wentworth and Mr. Hazen exchange quick glances, thought, "Oh, goodness, they're bored by Mother's story! What do they care about the shawl and my great-grandparents! They want to talk about contracts . . . movie possibilities . . . Hollywood! How far away it suddenly seemed from this pleasant room and all the familiar things and people she loved.

But Miss Wentworth was speaking and Karen's heart skipped a beat. At last they were coming to the point!

"We came to talk business to you this afternoon," Miss Wentworth was saying, smiling at Mrs. Sayers. Mrs. Sayers' smile was forced. Karen could imagine that she must be telling herself that this might be the chance Karen had dreamed about. It might mean Karen's whole future, yes, and Lana's, and her own, too! And yet, she was probably thinking, Hollywood! Karen is so young . . . she still has another year in high school.

Mrs. Sayers queried faintly. "Yes?" "Of course, you may not wish to grant our request. I know it would be hard to " Miss Wentworth broke off, then part . . continued, "but we are prepared to be generous . . . very generous. We would give you one thousand dollars . .

"One thousand dollars is a very generous sum for a beginner," Mrs. Sayers said slowly, "especially without a screen test . . ."

"A screen test?" Mr. Hazen looked from

one woman to the other with a puzzled frown. "What has that to do with the shawl?

"The shawl? What has that to do with Karen's going to Hollywood?" Mrs. Sayers exclaimed in bewilderment.

Lana broke in quietly, "Suppose you all stop talking like characters in Alice in Wonderland! Miss Wentworth and Mr. Hazen aren't movie scouts, Mother! I think they want to buy great-grandmother's shawl.'

Mr. Hazen beamed on Lana. "That's right," he said. "Here's my card. I should have given it to you in the first place."

Mrs. Sayers glanced at it and handed it to Karen. It read:

> Herbert Bernard Hazen Dealer in Antiques Accredited Buyer for Museums Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Karen didn't know whether she wanted to laugh or cry! No Hollywood for her! No giving up her home, her family, and friends, her accustomed life-everything she loved. No loneliness! And yet a sum large enough to give Lana the change of air she needed! Enough for them all to go away together!

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"It started when Richard and I were driving home from an auction in Doylestown," Miss Wentworth was explaining. "We missed our route number and took a wrong turning. I remembered that a friend of mine from art school, Miriam Hopper, was teaching in this town. We had decided to call on her, when we happened to pass your house and saw the shawl on the line. I was so excited over it, I told Miriam about it, and she mentioned the play in which Karen was going to wear the shawl that night. We drove past your house again, just as Karen was carrying the shawl into the house. Herbert wanted to stop and talk to you then and there, but I persuaded him to drive on. I didn't want to upset Karen before the play! We stayed for the performance; then drove to New York and came back this afternoon.'

"But why are you so interested in this particular Paisley shawl?" Mrs. Sayers asked. "I should think you would find plenty to buy. They were as common in those earlier

days as fur coats are now!"

"But yours has a white center. It is a very special shaw!" Miss Wentworth's dark eyes were sparkling. "When Queen Victoria was married to Albert on February tenth, Eighteen-forty, she had a Paisley shawl woven for each of the twelve ladies who attended her. The shawls were woven especially for her with a white center, and she asked the manufacturer never to weave others like them. He gave his word that he never would. So the shawls became collectors' items. Eleven are accounted for. Only yours has been missing. Somehow it must have come into the possession of the sailor who later sold it to Karen's great-greatgrandfather in New Orleans."

Thank goodness the moths didn't get at it!" Karen said, with such feeling that they

all laughed.

Mrs. Sayers finally promised that Mr. Hazen should have the shawl if her lawyer approved the transaction, and Mr. Hazen and Miss Wentworth, well pleased, set out for New York in their "Hollywood" car.

Later that evening when the excitement had died down, Duncan asked Karen to go for a walk.

It's going to be fuuny without you this

summer," he said, swinging her hand lightly.
"I'll be back in the fall for school," Karen answered. "Dr. Sligh says three months in California is all that Lana will need. Oh, Duncan, I can't tell you how happy I am

that I didn't have to go to Hollywood!"
"Really, Karen? I thought you might be disappointed. I admit I was worried. Life would have been pretty glamorous out there."

"Who wants more glamour than this?" Karen asked. Her quick gesture included the tree-shadowed street, the flower-scented gardens, the stars, and a new, crescent moon low in the sky. "Who would want anything different, on a night like this?"

From a nearby house a tune drifted from a hidden radio. "Stars in her eyes and rainbows at her feet . .

"Do you remember?" Duncan asked softly. "They played that the other night at Lou-ise's. It's sort of-our song, isn't it?"

THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE: This story is based on a real shawl, bought in New Orleans around 1845, and thought to be one of the twelve special white-centered shawls given by Queen Victoria to her bridesmaids.



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One-Room Inn

(Continued from page 13)

the King had to ask permission of the Mayor to enter London Town! The bells were crazy. The bells were making fun of him.

He ran on, plunging into passers-by, narrowly missing the corners of streetstalls. Angry people yelled at him, but he heard no sound except the bells. They were merely tolling now. Exhausted, he leaned against a house wall, his heart pumping, his breath squeezing his lungs.

Then, like a prophet, deep-toned, terrible to hear, the Bow Bells sang for the third time:

> "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

Dick looked up at the rich, sunlit sky. He looked around him at the people: the jugglers tossing red balls high in the air, the street vendors, the bustling, busy throng. Apparently no one else had heard anything. The bells were singing to him alone. Somehow he knew that no matter how great a distance he put between himself and London, the song of the bells would follow. They would give him no rest until he returned to meet his destiny.

When Dick returned to the Fitzwarren house, the cook gave him a proper beating for running away. His bones were still stiff from the flailing stick when, incredibly, Sir Hugh called him upstairs and said, "Master Whittington, be seated." Master Whittington! No "Here, Dick, you kitchenboy," but, respectfully, "Master Whittington." And what a strange and wonderful story Sir

Hugh had to tell.

The ship had stopped in the port of Barbary where the King had invited the captain to dine. Now, the domain was plagued with rats and mice, so when the King of Barbary heard of Dick's cat, he asked to see it at once. A sailor was sent to fetch the cat as fast as he could, and the King bought Dick's cat for a sum so vast that the price for the whole shipment of wool paled beside it. Dick, the kitchenboy, was a man of substance now, wealthy enough to command

respect from even Sir Hugh Fitzwarren.

The legend says that Dick married his Alice after all, and added to his fortune until finally he was the richest man in England.

It's a wonderful story. When you stand in front of the one-room inn near Hereford where it all began, you wish with all your heart that it were true. But it isn't.

Richard Whittington, who died in 1423, was the third son of Sir William Whittington, from Gloucestershire. He may have visited Hereford, but he certainly never stayed in a one-room inn. He was a very wealthy young man, indeed. He married Alice, daughter of Sir Ivo Fitzwaryn, owner of considerable property in Dorset, not the Alice Fitzwarren of the legend. It was Dick himself who was the wealthy merchant dealing in rich stuffs from the Orient.

One part of the legend, however, is true: he did become Lord Mayor of London three times. He was a great friend of King Henry V, and when the king invaded France, Master Whittington lent young Hal sixty thousand pounds. After the war, Hal brought his new queen home from France. For a wedding present, Dick gave him the charred



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January Recipe Exchange

Subject: Waffles and Pancakes Glamorized Date Due: November 20

 The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the February issue must reach us by November 20.

 Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.

 JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

 Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper.
 In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.

3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully

scribe them fully.

4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.

5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

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ashes of the loan notes. As the national treas-ury had been emptied by the war, only heavy new taxes could have repaid Dick Whittington. The people knew this, and his generosity made him England's most popular man.

The cat's part in the story, scholars say, is common to folk legends of all countries, and has been traced to ancient Egypt. But Dick's cat caught the public's farcy to such an extent that when, in 1620, two hundred years after Dick's death, a certain Robert Elstracke published a supposed portrait of Whittington with his hand resting on a skull, the copies had to be recalled, and a cat substituted instead. It is believed that wealthy Master Whittington was first changed into country-boy Dick, who made good in the big city, in a contemporary bal-lad. At any rate there is a ballad which calls him, "That lodestar and chief-chosen flower.

The real Richard Whittington belongs to history; but young Dick, who started his career in a one-room inn, belongs to you THE END and me.





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13-oz. pkg. Philadelphia 2 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate, melted 14 teaspoon vanilla Dash of salt 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Place the cream cheese in a bowl and cream it until soft and smooth. Slowly blend the sugar into it. Add the melted chocolate. Mix well. Add the vanilla, salt and chopped pecans and mix until well blended. Press into a well-greased, shallow pan. Place in the refrigerator until firm (about 15 minutes). Cut into squares.



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City, postal zone number, 'State, and the invoice number.

COULD BE BETTER

A beggar stopped an elderly lady on the road and asked her for some money. "Do you really like walking and beg-ging?" she asked. "No," the beggar replied, "Sometimes

I wish I had a car. Sent by JUDY NOVESKY, Synnaton, Illin

KETTLE SERENADE

LITTLE BOY (to his mother): What song does a teakettle sing to the stove?
MOTHER: I don't know.
LITTLE BOY: "Home on the Range."

Sent by MARGARET SOWA, Deerbern, Michigan

HAZARDOUS

Sweet Young Thing: It must be awful to be a parachute jumper. Tell me about your most terrible experience.

JUMPEN: Well, once I came down where there was a sign "Keep Off the Grass."

Sent by PATSY DOBBERI, Lautwille, Kentucky

HOW SUDDEN!

A crotchety old school superintendent was inspecting a class in high school. He wrote on the blackboard LXXX, turned to a pretty girl sitting in the front row, and asked, "What does

that mean? The girl blushed alightly but replied in a confident voice. "Love and kisses."

LONG BOL

Music Provesson: Didn't I get my hair cut here last time? BARRER: I don't think so, sir — we've

been in business only Sent by CAROL ANN PRONT,

DECLINE AND FALL

LATIN PROF: What was the most remarkable accomplishment of the Romans?

SUFFERING STUDENT: Learning Latin.

Sent by JOY SALMON,

FRIEND IN MEED

Two small boys came to the dentist's office. One said to the dentist, "I want a tooth out and I don't want gas because I'm in a hurry."

"That's a brave boy," said the dentist.
"Which tooth is it?"

The boy pointed to his companion, show him your tooth, Albert," he said. Sent by EVA LOU FRITZ, Momphie, Tomessee

TRUE LOVE

The night was warm; the room was dark; Not any light, not even a spark Shone on the two, as they sat there alone— The little brown pup, and his chicken bone.

Sout by DEANNE LOUGHARY, Souttle, Washington

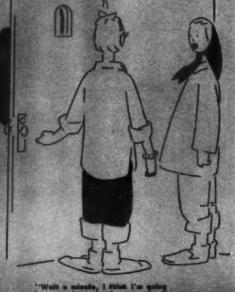
PHENOMENAL

JOHNNY (on a country walk): What are those, mother?

MOTHER: They're cattails. Haven't you ever seen cattails?

JOHNNY: No, not without cats Sout by JANICE MONK, Toxorhome, Toxos

American Girl will pay \$1.00 for o d on this page. Send your best joke ICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., Now York. Be sure to include your name,





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